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The Christian Century

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT.

EDITORS

The Tides of the Spirit

Religion is the expression of the soul's desire for the infinite life. It rests upon the capacity of man to know God and to achieve character. It is not a deposit from above, nor a discovery in the environment, but it is the result of a developing life, aspiring after fuller realization of friendship with God and with man.

All religion has had the same essential elements. The soul's thirst for God is universal, though not always expressed in the same terms. "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us," has been the appeal of humanity in every land and throughout the generations.

It is the misfortune of religion that too frequently men try to confine it in methods of expression which are inadequate to its development. Organizations, ritual, doctrines and these have been devised to shape, express, curb or direct the religious life.

But inevitably after a period of careful construction of these channels and barriers, the tides of the spirit rise, the channels are overflowed, the embankments are swept away and the pure waters rush out to enrich the thirsty ground.

The Hebrew faith was no exception to this give and take of the opposing forces of conservation and freedom. When priestly interest secured the adoption of laws and rules that seemed too binding and valueless to be borne, the prophets arose with insistent demand for a more vital religion and a truer friendship with God.

No doubt the forms and ritual of Old Testament religion were valuable as vehicles for the expression of the higher life. But sometimes they became substitutes for it, and then the prophets hurled themselves against the whole system of dogma and form with passion.

Precisely similar was the task of Jesus in opposition to the current Judaism of his day. Against the priestly conservation of the Scribes and Pharisees he voiced afresh the spirit of the prophets. He was the great protestant of the day. Traditions that seemed immutable and binding he swept to one side, even as he drove the money changers from the temple of God.

The apostle Paul was not less a disturber of the peace. His proclamation of the liberty that Christianity had brought into the world seemed nothing less than the destruction of all that was ancient and sacred in the eyes of Jewish apologists in his day. No one of reformers has been more bitterly opposed on the ground of innovation and sacrilege than were our Lord and his chief interpreter.

Yet the appeal for freedom in the Christian life is not a demand for the abolition of restraint or the invasion of the domain of order with license. Jesus did not invite men to liberty as an end, but only to freedom from the binding and galling tyrannies under which they groaned.

He asked them to take his yoke, which implied subjection to his leadership. He wanted them to carry the burden which he imposed. Yet he insisted that his yoke was easy and his burden light.

Indeed he pointed his disciples to liberty through the truth. By the truth he did not mean a set of doctrines nor a group of forms and ordinances, nor a method of procedure. He meant the right proportion of things, the proper emphasis upon the essentials of religion, as over against its passing modes and methods.

John Stuart Mill declared that the religion of Israel reached its high effectiveness in the classic period of the Old Testament, in virtue of the constant antagonism between the priest and the prophet, the conservative and the radical. In the end, unhappily, the priest triumphed and the prophet went to martyrdom. As the result the Hebrew institution ceased to have vitality. It was revived for a time, to be sure, in the intense spirit of Judaism, but that too became an obedience to forms and doctrines and lost its life.

The fact that Christianity, the later and greater faith, has survived so many crises in its history is due to the tides of the spirit which have overflowed the channels of churchly organization, of doctrinal statement and of liturgical practice, and have found freedom and brought new life to the children of God.

The church is always passing through some such changes as these. Conservatism is busy re-erecting its barriers of dogma and cultus,

or else is standing in grim and indignant defense while the spiritual tides of a more vital religious life are playing havoc with established usage.

It is this constant change which is the best proof of the living character of our faith. Nothing is more hopeful than the fact that definitions cease to be convincing and doctrines pass away. The realities that lie beneath these passing statements are in no danger. Rather are they destined to be better understood and utilized in virtue of the change.

The conception of God as a larger man, a king enthroned on high, a sovereign governing the world by manates, and implicit in the order of the universe only as its creator in times past and its watchful ruler, is passing away. Men are simply unable to understand such a conception. It seems so little congruous with what Jesus said of the Father that they are either perplexed or irritated when such a view is taught.

The old discussions regarding the nature of Christ are losing their significance for modern men. The dualism that attempted to draw the line between the human and the divine in Christ is meaningless today. The arguments for the divinity of our Lord based upon the virgin birth and the miracles have ceased to interest men who are concerned with the great human tasks that Jesus undertook to accomplish.

The conception of the Bible as possessed of some magical quality in virtue of divine authorship is unconvincing and useless. It requires more effort to prove such dogmas than to persuade men to accept the ideals and program of Jesus.

Men want to know God today as never before. They do not care to hear about a king, but they want a Father. They are intensely interested in Jesus, not as a worker of magic, nor as a being of another-worldly character, but as their elder Brother, the first-born of the Sons of God, and the satisfying interpreter of the higher life.

They want the Bible, not as a collection of supernatural books, nor as a volume supposed to possess some kind of arbitrary authority, but as the supreme religious literature of the world, the record of human experiences which have most fully disclosed the activities of the divine spirit in the human heart. Such a book is its own vindicator and needs no labored apologetic to prove that the breath of God breathes through it.

Men want the religious life, not as it is expressed a creed, but as it is manifested in loyalty and love to the supreme leadership of Jesus. Nor do they for one moment concede that loyalty is to be tested merely by correctness of opinion or conformity to any external rite. Such a test would make religion trivial and superficial.

Men believe in the Christian life and want it, because it is the life of friendship with God and man. They have little interest in the methods by which it is to be acknowledged, but they want the joy of its possession.

There are still many people around us who are strongly convinced that Christianity is dependent upon particular modes of definition and forms of obedience. A man who is persuaded that the monarchical conception of God is essential, that Jesus is to be explained only in the terms of supernaturalism, that the Bible is verbally inspired, and that the Christian life expresses itself in dogma, ordinance and organization, will of course fight hard to maintain these outworn ideas. He would be doing less than his duty if he failed in this regard. When the tides of the spirit rise and sweep away the familiar landmarks of his system, it is natural for him to feel that the foundations are giving way, and all the windows of Heaven are opened for the final catastrophe.

But his struggle to maintain the fixed conception of religion is futile. The tides of the spirit cannot be confined. The freedom to which Christ invites his people cannot be long denied them. Partial truths give way and useless forms vanish in the progress of the kingdom of God to its complete mastery of the minds and ministries of men.

Social Survey

BY ALVA W. TAYLOR

The Blight of Party Fealty

"A political party begins to die as soon as its machinery becomes more important than the ideals on which it was founded," said the late Goldwin Smith. The party slogan is not for principle but for the spoils of office. Men cling to their party in spite of their consciences and, like sheep, listen for the tinkle of the bell of the bell-wether. Occasionally a leader arises who demands that principles be adhered to for party sake—rarely does one arise who is willing to risk the party itself for the sake of principle. Those who think there is no salvation for the country outside of their particular party have been in the majority in both parties but the day is fast waning. The coming of the independent, the muck-raker, the popular magazine and the quick and easy transmission of popular intelligence is making for a democracy by reason rather than by prejudice.

A party exists for the promulgation of a principle. There is no reason why it should continue to exist for any other purpose. It is a piece of machinery and should pass away when its work is done or a better machine is devised. Senator Dolliver has been making his political confession as an insurgent. He says time was when he was for everything his party was for and voted for every one his party nominated because the worst thing his party could do was better than the best thing any other party would do. But now he confesses his conversion to independence. He says he will not sell his conscience for an office and that he sees as he once did not see, that his party has been used by special interests against the principles for which he joined it. He throws the challenge down squarely by saying that he believes in majorities but that he will do his best to see that the majority knows the truth, even though it does reflect upon the record of the party he once extolled for everything done.

It is the blight of party fealty that has given our cities over to corruption, for men have preferred the party with its Crokers and Coxes to any principle involved and special interest knows the psychology of the crowd just well enough to unite with and contribute to that party which can produce the blind votes in any given case.

Progress by Party Schism

It is dangerous for any party to be long in power unless there is a minority so strong that its majority is constantly threatened. It was the long hold on national affairs that brought the Democratic party to the days of James Buchanan and it was the same thing that brought the Republican party to the days of Mark Hanna. In both cases the dominance of special interests was undeniable. What the slave and cotton power was in the fifties, the trust and railroad power was in the nineties.

But history does not always repeat itself. To be sure it may yet do so but the indications now are that party schism will effect the change. In the sixties the rise of the new Republican party drew the insurgent elements together and through the election of Lincoln overthrew the dominance of special interests. In 1896 Mr. Bryan led an insurgent movement in the Democratic party that cut the lines clearly and made of it a new party in all but name. His platform was too radical and the issue lacked that sectional division that rallied great numbers through geographical alignment. His big issue of the people versus special privilege was unfortunately obscured behind the single plank of more money through a very special bimetallic arrangement.

Today we are in the midst of a party schism within the dominant party. Senator La Follette was the pioneer and was read out of the national convention in 1904 because of his irregularity. Today he is portentously in the lead. He advocates the same essential things that Bryan does and is opposed by the same type of minds within his party that the Nebraskan has fought within his own ranks for the past fourteen years. It is not germane to hark back to 16 to 1, or any particular issue; the big underlying thing is the protest against special privileges and monopoly over against the rights of the people. Minor issues may show some differences but major issues show none. As Gifford Pinchot says, "Morality has broken into politics" and the "Servants of the interests are as strong in one party as in the other." It is not a question of silver or gold or of a certain tariff rate but of the People or Privilege.

Independence Against Bipartisanship

Special interests know no party. Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, freely confessed that they contributed to whichever party promised most in any particular state or congressional district. The saloon does the same in all cases. Corruption knows no party fealty except the kind that wins in spite of the clear majority of clean voters. It was through this godless and treasonable bipartisanship that Lorimer could buy his way into the senate in Illinois and it was through it that Cannon was sustained in the House of Representatives last winter. There is no variety among buzzards when the carcass falls.

On the other hand, most of the victories for progress have been by the votes of the independents. Cummins, La Follette, Bristow and Poindexter have won by the help of the independents. In Maine it is the independent Republicans that turn historic majorities over to defeat, and in Kentucky it was independent Democrats that defeated the entrenched machine of their party. It is the independent voters in Democratic ranks that have joined hands with the unsuborned opposition in Tennessee to defeat a party machine as bad as that of Pennsylvania, while in that last named and most sodden state in this union, the Keystone independents are offering terms to the minority if they will come over and help them clean things up, in the name of political decency.

The primary has done more than any other device to make all this possible. It has enabled the people of one party or the other to get up a clean man and it has enabled the people of each party to fight the good fight against the bipartisan gangs. In California both parties won for the people against the Southern Pacific bipartisan interests. In Iowa and Wisconsin, there is no doubt that thousands of independent Democrats changed parties and voted for Cummins and La Follette because it offered the thing they valued more than a historic fealty. In the South, where no second party is possible on account of race solidarity, the primary made two factions within the party and, beginning with South Carolina in the days of Populism, has marched straight to victory slowly but surely and has little more to clean up but Bailey, of Texas, and a certain senator from Louisiana.

A Prophet Not Without Honor

All this is demonstrating La Follette as it is no other man in the forefront. Every power that the interests could command was used in Wisconsin to defeat him and every power the independents could command was used to nominate him. All the prominent insurgent leaders fought for him and, as before said, many independent Democrats have definitely aligned themselves with his battle line host. He polled 141,000 votes to his opponent's 41,000. La Follette has been read out of the party, denied party patronage from the White House, suffered the displeasure of Theodore Roosevelt because he was going too fast, been browbeaten in the senate, and maligned by the press. Last winter he had the pleasure of pointing his ancient enemies a moral by introducing to them the insurgent host that had risen to join him in the senate. Next winter he will be in the clear ascendancy unless the promises fail. But to a man like La Follette, personal victory is a small thing compared to the larger victory of his principles.

He began "calling the roll" at Chautauqua some years ago. It was the sensation of the season, but "Little Bob" was found to always have the records behind his assertions. That action was an electric flash whose reverberation will resound with increasing force until after November. He has continued this "roll call" in his paper with unexampled courage. It has been a terror to the Servants of the System, and done more than any other one power to unhorse them. Aldrich, Hale, Burrows, Flint, Long and others have been read out in court. Silence would have served their political fortunes better and none of them will be in the next Congress to scorn the Napoleon of this campaign. Dalzell was barely renominated, where heretofore, he has had overwhelming majorities. Hull was defeated after years of victory over his party opponents in the Des Moines district. Tawney went down in Minnesota and Adam Bede in Michigan. In Kansas it was almost a clean sweep and Illinois contributed Boutell to the general slaughter. Two of the three Democrats who supported Cannon in a rather notorious fashion are left behind and altogether there is no doubt but that the insurgents of the two parties can carry anything in the next House with a strong probability that there may be a Democratic speaker. If ever a man was vindicated and given a victory that promised the complete dominance of his principles, that man is Senator La Follette.

Death Bed Conversions

No sooner does a cause become a winning one than death bed conversions begin to put in an appearance. Every anti-saloon campaign conducted by the local-option forces reveal a number of these. Legislators or candidates for legislative honors begin to repent and hasten into the kingdom of temperance as soon as the majorities in their districts become threatening. It has led the Anti-Saloon League into some extreme difficulties. By voting right on the temperance measures and wrong on everything else these gentry demand League endorsement and to pay the debt and insure a vote for the next forward step, the League has been led to indorse men whom that same clean-minded folk who stand for temperance ought to oppose because other issues are quite as moral as that of liquor and the record is being covered up by a decoy vote on temperance because it is most to the forefront as a moral issue. The League leaders can hardly be excused for indorsing men that good government Leagues blacklist. Temperance will be dearly won if at the price of such narrow considerations of policy.

Insurgency is now being burdened with such death-bed conversions. After Bryan's nomination in 1896, there were hosts of Bourbon Democrats who were converted to everything he stood for. When two defeats convinced them there were to be no loaves and fishes to divide they faced their dauntless prophet with "We want to win" and laughed to scorn his quick reply that "He alone wins who fights for the right." So they boldly put reaction to the fore and went down in the worst defeat the party ever suffered. That defeat ought to have buried "stand-patism" forever, but Bourbonism dies hard and special privilege has everything to lose and nothing to gain by a surrender before death. Now that La Follette and Cummins are in the ascendant and Cannonism is doomed the cries of repentance are arising all over the land. Enough faithful Cannon supporters have already declared their determination to desert the doughty old "iron duke" to make his election to the speakership impossible under any probable circumstances. After November, if indeed not before, there will be hosts ready to desert the flag of stand-patism for the newer colors of the insurgent host. Bryan said to welcome them, but let them go to the ranks and prove themselves, and now La Follette and his compeers are extending the same terms of penitence.

The New Daniel of This Judgment

The new Daniel that has arisen in this judgment is Gifford Pinchot. It was his dismissal from the forestry service that brought the whole issue spectacularly to the front. It aroused the rank and file as nothing else has done for here was a conspicuous case of a public servant that was more than efficient, one indeed who had shown the power of a statesman in the highest degree and a devotion to the public good that was remarkable in its originality and energetic application, yet he was discharged because he would not put his department under call to a notorious demand of privilege. True, the technical reason was different, but the public believed it was a sacrifice to the old system of private profit from public domain.

Pinchot has proven himself in even a more masterly way since he was discharged. He has entered the larger service of insurgency in its effort to conserve all the public interests from private greed. No man on the platform today has said more fearless, independent, or nonpartisan things than has Pinchot. He has attacked Privilege with a weapon that has been sharpened in the white heat of actual contact with the monster. Listen to some of his thrusts: "When the objects of political parties ceases to be everybody's welfare and becomes somebody's profit, it is time to change the leaders;" "Differences of belief between the parties today is vastly less than it is within the parties. The vital separation is between partisans of government by money for profit and the believers in government for human welfare;" "The man in the street no longer asks, 'is it Republican or is it Democratic doctrine, but is it honest and means what it says, will it promote public interest and weaken special privilege and help to give every man a chance?'" "The tariff, under the policy of protection, was originally a means to raise wages; it has been made a tool to increase the cost of living;" "The alliance between business and politics is the most dangerous thing in our public life;" "The special interests must get out of politics or the American people will put them out of business;" "The back shadow of party regularity as the supreme test in public affairs has passed away from the public mind;" "Political leaders, trust-bred and trust-fed, find it harder to conceal their actual character." Pinchot is presidential size.

Taft at the Political Game

Whatever Mr. Taft may be as president, he has made a bad muss as a politician. He was Mr. Roosevelt's personal selection as his successor. He was nominated because Mr. Roosevelt was for him and but for that reason would have stood the most forlorn sort of a chance. He seemed to conceive the idea that he must weld the party together and proceeded to take the very elements that were antagonizing the Roosevelt policies into his inner cabinet. He doubtless thought they were ready to treat and would meet him half way. He found that, independent of his good intentions, the people would not trust them, and later found also that if these gentry entered a compact they would have as much out of the bond as the other party. He filled his cabinet with corporation lawyers and aroused the suspicions of all who were aroused over the matter of corporation control. The people did not trust the process of amending a wrong in the house of its friends. They surmised that they would get a candid compromise to still their appetites.

Next came the boycott of the insurgents because they would not join in the compromise. Thinking people had forsaken partisanship for the larger interest and Mr. Taft talked altogether too much about his office as Leader of the Party. Then he discharged Pinchot and withdrew patronage from the insurgents. But that proved poor politics, for the people would not take his word for Ballingerism in the face of the frank evidence of Glavis and Pinchot, and he found the insurgents were not in the business for the sake of patronage. Then he defended the Payne-Aldrich tariff and the people condemned him for one of reactionaries because the man who runs may read glaring gloss that bill put over the plain promises of the party's Chicago platform. He sent a message to the rump convention called in Wisconsin to defeat La Follette, went to make a speech for Tawney while he was the conspicuous mark for insurgency, did all he could to help defeat Poindexter in Washington, spoke a good word for Uncle Joe on numerous occasions, defended Aldrich in vigorous terms, and finally, in a fit of special weakness, wrote a public letter, restoring patronage to the insurgents. Every move here recorded, ran counter to the mind of the aroused electorate and branded the president as one who has no conception of the public mind, and, let us be charitable enough to hope, one who has been badly and all too easily advised by his friends.

There is nothing like putting the shine on another's face to put the shine on our own. Nine tenths of all loneliness, sensitiveness, despondency, moroseness, are connected with personal interests. Turn more of these selfish interests into unselfish ones, and by so much we change opportunities for disheartenment into their opposite.—W. C. Gannett.

There's not a flower of spring

That tints at last the universal heart,
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit world,
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The world has nothing to expect from preachers who are so perplexed and confused by new knowledge and new ideas of things that they do not feel sure about anything. The English bishop when told that there was no special prayer for theological students in the Anglican prayer book wittily suggested the use of the "prayer for those at sea." But no one ought to stand in a Christian pulpit until he can raise a genuine cry of, "Land." The first and supreme qualification of one who shall make others believe is that he shall himself believe. It was Lord Macaulay I think, who once said that he never cared to attend the religious service of a preacher who believed less than himself, and if, as I have no doubt, the great historian had in mind, not so much the quantity as the quality of belief, not believing formally and professedly in many things and making unhesitatingly, assertions about them, but believing much and deeply in the central things, then, he was surely right.—Dr John Hunter.

She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood
With lofty strength of patient womanhood.

—James Russell Lowell.

Memory, Character, Happiness

It is a fine trait of friendship that avoids reference to the past errors and sins of its object and lays stress upon what is excellent. For this reason friendship is the best aid to memory, for it keeps before the mind the qualities of character that are worthy of consideration. The professed friend who is continually reminding us of the mistakes we have made is doing all he can to ruin us by keeping our minds fixed on evil.

When it does become necessary for a friend to refer to past failures, character is at stake. The effects of evil conduct cannot be wiped out by mere wishing. Even if no one speaks a word to us concerning the cowardice we displayed in the presence of the enemies of righteousness, the sense of humiliation remains with us. But, however shameful the deed may have been, brooding over it is a serious mistake. We need to remember it for the sake of future actions, that these may be better.

The rich man of the parable remembered a life of selfishness. A priest asked a dying man if there was anything in his life which he regretted, and the man replied: "No, I think not. I do not remember that I ever missed an opportunity to have a good time." For a man of this kind, life is a joke. Seriousness is no part of his character. The rich man to whom Abraham speaks may not have been quite so frivolous, but he seems to have fixed all his thoughts on the good things of the moment. At the end of his life on earth he had nothing of value to carry with him. In the hurry of this world men may not realize that they are meanly selfish. It appears that in the next world they will have a chance to see themselves as they are and then will come the torments of memory.

It is the privilege and joy of the Christian teacher to bring to the memory of his fellow disciples the teachings of the Lord. And it is a joy to recall those whose goodly walk impressed upon our hearts the beauty and strength of holiness. If the later years open our eyes to the temptations they endured and the victories they won, we

have the greater delight in recalling the very words in which they conveyed to us knowledge of their faith and hope. The first disciples had the added joy of remembering the persecutions which their teachers suffered for the sake of the gospel.

Both character and happiness depend upon our remembering the good in the conduct of our acquaintances. It is a sign of a perverted mind if an injury is remembered while a kindness is forgotten. We magnify the faults of others by overlooking their goodness. We convert error of judgment into a vicious disposition. The wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove will keep us from being the dupes of designing rascals and from the moral scepticism which constant attention to the sins of friend and foe is certain to create. It is better to have a bad memory for insult and injury and to be called "easy" than it is to have no good word for anybody. The hottest part of hell is in the heart of the cynic.

Is there any cure for a memory overburdened with sins of omission and of commission? Christianity answers that there is. The cure is found in redemptive work. One who sees suffering which he has caused, sin which he has led others to commit, and despair for which he is responsible, has no other way of escape than that of joining himself to those who are laboring for the world's salvation. There is no magic in the death of Christ to cover the sin of man. Immoral men try to discover a way of salvation which does not require the sacrifice of their pleasures. They have sometimes put their immorality into formal statements of Christian doctrine. But Jesus promises relief for those and those only who become his co-workers in building the city of God, the city of perfect justice and perfect love. The penitence which displays itself in bodily mutilations and in neglect of human society may betoken sincerity; it does not relieve the soul of its bitterness. Honest effort to make amends for wrong doing fills the mind with memories which give one a sense of his own worth and the assurance of God's forgiveness.

Midweek Service, October 26. Luke 16:25; 2 Pet. 1:12-13.

Editorial Correspondence

DEAR READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY: We who are in Topeka attending the opening convention of the new century of the Disciples of Christ are wishing earnestly that every one of you might be with us. It is in every way a great convention and it would hearten you mightily to have a part in it.

Three thousand people are registered up to this (Thursday) morning. There are likely two thousand others in the city who have not yet registered. Delegates are continually coming in. There is the promise of a special delegation from Kansas City, sixty miles away, for Saturday and Sunday, of one thousand persons. The total attendance will reach six or seven thousand.

Topeka is a beautiful convention city. What impresses us at the moment of entering is the broad spaciousness of the streets and the clear sunshine. It is a wide-open town—but there isn't a saloon in it. The feeling of stuffiness one gets in visiting most eastern cities is entirely absent here. The winds of the prairies have ample chance to play through these streets and spacious lawns. The registration committee, to whom all new arrivals are guided when they get off the train is located in the capitol building. There is an augustness about the reception one gets under the noble dome of this three million dollar state house.

Hotel accommodations are not extensive here. But nobody regrets it. The committee has provided entertainment for ten thousand people in private homes. The city is given up to us for these days. There seems to be a concert of kindness on the part of business men and housewives. Topeka's welcome is characteristically western.

Convention services are held in a superb auditorium. A picture of it was shown in these pages two weeks ago. If Pittsburg had been able to give the Centennial convention such an auditorium last year there would have been a different feeling about that gathering. Close to 5,000 people can be seated in Topeka's auditorium. The speakers with fairly strong voices can be heard in its every part. It is a bit too large for most of the women's voices, however. Mrs. Atwater is a notable and grateful exception to this last statement. In all quarters many comments are heard on the masterful way in which the president of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions directs the sessions of that body. Mrs. Atwater is growing each year in graciousness and grasp of her large

responsibilities. The mantle of Mrs. Moses rests upon her, and an equal portion of the spirit of that great leader.

The C. W. B. M. services have been packing the auditorium. The addresses have been of a high order, as they always are. Reports from the field are encouraging. Last evening Professor F. L. Jewett, of the Bible Chair in the University of Texas, spoke an illuminating message on the Bible chair idea. Mrs. Ida Harrison captivated every hearer with her report of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference. Mrs. Atwater's presidential address was a statesmanlike and thrilling document.

The Tue-day night session was rich with variety. Six missionaries and a college president made two minute talks. Addresses of welcome were made by various representatives of Topeka and the state. It was a disappointment that Governor Stubbs could not be present, but the Assistant Attorney General took his place and welcomed the convention, warning us to beware, however, "for those upon whom the spirit of Kansas breathes often lose all desire to return from whence they came!"

At that opening session the convention sermon was preached by Rev. Harry D. Smith, of Hopkinsville, Ky. Mr. Smith has a message. He appealed to the conscience of the Disciples, searching whether our religious neighbors saw in us those virtues and excellences which would commend our plea for union to them. Do they find us possessed of an exceptional degree of the missionary spirit? Of the educational spirit? Of the Christian union spirit? These were the three questions he raised in his address. He answered them discerningly. He contended that in these three points Disciples should not be content to be as virtuous as others, but to lead others.

Yesterday, Wednesday, will be historic. It will be recalled by our readers that some six or seven months ago Peter Ainslie, president of the American Society, announced through these pages that he meant to bring up to this convention certain subjects for the treatment of which our present form of organization afforded no place. Among these questions he named that of the delegate convention, the change of date, the publication society, the further practice of Christian union, etc.

To make good in his announcement Mr. Ainslie called a meeting of fifty representative men. They gathered yesterday morning in

the First Christian Church. In the afternoon they met again with an attendance increased to something like one hundred. Adjourning at 3 o'clock, they met again at 4:30 with the church packed—floor and galleries. Only once in our recent history has this sort of an extra-convention session been held—at Omaha when the Federation question was debated. The most democratic and free discussion obtained yesterday. The president offered his proposal for the further practice of Christian union, at the morning conference. He suggested three things: First, that the Disciples provide means for propagating our plea for union throughout Christendom by the distribution of tracts on the subject. Second, that they establish a monthly magazine which shall be a clearing-house of thought—our own thought and that of other thinkers—discussing the problem of union. Third, that the time has come for the Disciples to change their attitude toward our brethren of the denominations, henceforth regarding them as fellow Christians and treating them as such, instead of as rivals or foes as in some quarters, sad to say, they have been regarded.

The proposal called out a great discussion. Action was deferred

to an adjourned meeting set at 4:30 in the afternoon. That meeting was held, as indicated above. It was an historic hour and a half that we spent together. No more important session will be held this week. The discussion of the delegate convention proposal, important as that will be on Friday, cannot be so pregnant with future meaning as this meeting of yesterday afternoon, because the delegate convention problem, delicate and urgent though it be is not comparable in significance to the question of what the Disciples are going to do about practicing Christian union.

I am not going to tell the story of yesterday in this week's issue. Space and other duties tell me I must close. Next week a fuller report will be given together with the interpretation of the spirit of this convention. It must suffice now to say that there is a mighty forward movement now on foot among us. The day of small deeds and sectarian ideas is past. It looks as if the century plant is about to bloom, as if its first hundred years of stalk-hardening had been God's way of preparing us for bearing to the world the fine flower of Christian unity of which Thomas Campbell's holy impulse was the root.

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON.

Observations in Brief

Russian Property.

Russia is said to have a surplus of \$103,000,000 over the estimated revenue this year and has no intention of raising any foreign or international loan. The remarkable success of Russia's flying men at the St. Petersburg aviation meeting aroused the enthusiasm of the masses, who never expected to see anything successful done by the men in uniform. Over 100,000 persons were present when Lieut. Rudneff flew for an hour and three-quarters and landed accurately inside a twelve meter crease which had been marked for him.

The Germans and Gambling.

A remarkable proof of the increasing diffusion of wealth in Germany may be found in the latest statistics of the Casino of Monte Carlo, which indicate that the German can now afford to lose his money in the grand manner. The accounts of the bank at Monte Carlo show net profits of \$14,000,000 annually. Of this \$8,000,000 is German and Austrian money, Americans and English lose \$3,200,000, Frenchmen \$1,400,000, Russians \$1,000,000, and the rest is contributed by various other nationalities. It is hoped that some time not far distant the lid will go on for good at this place which has caused so much misery.

The Hague Palace of Peace.

The "Palace of Peace" building that is now in course of construction at The Hague is to be of goodly proportions. It is about 260 feet square. There is a half basement containing press rooms, a telegraph and other offices, a heating and lighting plant with fourteen boilers, offices for the working staff, and a large restaurant. At one corner rises a square tower about 260 feet high. The main hall is about 70 feet long, 40 feet wide and 33 feet high. On one side of the hall are three large windows, on the other, three galleries. At one end is a fourth large window, at the other, a dias for the tribunal. On the upper floor, approached by a magnificent staircase projecting into the central courtyard, are the rooms of the administrative council and other officials of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, and a library capable of containing 200,000 volumes, with a book lift to the reading rooms below. The center of the building is occupied by a courtyard 144 feet long and 111 feet wide with a fountain in the center where the air to be breathed in the building will be washed before being filtered and otherwise dealt with by the ventilating apparatus. The cornerstone of the palace was laid July 30, 1907.

Two hundred men are now at work on the building. It is to be finished in 1913.

Good Chances in Australia.

There is a chance for young men to go to Australia and grow up with the country. A railway company which owns millions of acres in western Australia is so anxious to attract immigrants that it offers with its 300-acre farms a fence around the whole, with one hundred acres further fenced, besides the clearing, plowing and otherwise making the land ready for cultivation. The company will also erect a three, four or five roomed house, according to the requirements of the settler, with the necessary sheds and outbuildings for stock, and provide water either by the sinking of wells or by the provision of dams and air motors. The terms for purchase are the deposit in cash of ten per cent. of the purchase money, the balance to be paid by equal annual instalments extending over twenty years, bearing interest at the rate of five and one-half per cent.

A Turkish Exposition.

Turkey is going to have a great international exposition in 1913. This will give the Ottoman empire an opportunity to set before the world, as never before, a display of its art, industries and latent wealth, and at the same time give to the Eastern people who will be drawn thither a view of the products of the West such as they never have had a chance to see. It is a sign of the times, full of promise and indicating how thoroughly the Young Turk is entering into the stream of the world movement.

The Mexican War Veterans.

There was something pathetic about the assembling of the Mexican War Veterans at Indianapolis recently. There were only twenty survivors present, all told, and none of the delegates was under seventy-nine years old. More than sixty years have passed since the Mexican war closed. Texas, the issue at stake in the war, is now the empire state of the South. Very few people are now living who took part in the war, and comparatively few who were living at the time of its beginning. It was felt that the surviving members of the association were too few and too feeble to continue the organization. So at the close of the proceedings the presiding officer arose and said, "It now becomes my sacred duty to adjourn the National Association of Mexican War Veterans, to meet again on that 'beautiful shore.' I ask you to rise and declare the national association adjourned for ever."

Farmers and Automobiles.

The statement that thousands of farmers in the United States have mortgaged their farms in order to raise money to buy automobiles appears to have been considerably exaggerated. The editor of The Horseless Age reports that he sent out letters to 24,000 bankers in the country, asking them to report as to people they knew had mortgaged their homes or borrowed money to purchase automobiles. Answers received from 4,630 men reported on 198,216 motors in their vicinity, of which not more than 1,254 were purchased by placing mortgages, while 7,475 have borrowed the necessary money without a mortgage. So it is not so bad as reported—which is creditable to the farmers.

Employers' Liability Laws.

Employers' liability laws in the United States have been behind those of most other countries. In some states it is next to impossible to force an employer to do justice to one who is injured or to the relatives of one who is killed while in his employ. As proving this, an investigation made in New York state some time since showed that of 151 fatal cases, 56 got nothing, 61 got less than \$500. In non-fatal accidents the victims fared even worse. Another shameful feature was, that of \$192,536 dollars expended for accidents, \$104,542 went to the injured, and the balance to the lawyers and for expenses. But New York now has a new employers' liability law, which went into effect September 1. Under this new law the burden of proof is on the employer, and the law is very simple. Unless the employer can prove that an accident is clearly due to the negligence of the wounded, or killed, he must pay 1,200 times the man's daily wage for a fatality, not to exceed \$3,000, and proportionately for lesser accidents, or he can go to the courts and let the jury determine the penalty. A few employers consider the law drastic, but most believe it substantially right.

Reno Divorces No Good in New York.

The divorce industry of Reno, Nevada, has received a blow which, if repeated often, may prove a serious detriment. An unsentimental judge in New York state has decided that a divorce procured by a New York couple in Reno does not "go" with him. There ought to be a lot of other decisions like this, in all the states. The divorce evil would be greatly lessened in this country if uniform divorce laws were enacted in all the states.

A Visit To Ballymena, Ireland

The Birth-Place of Alexander Campbell

BY ERRETT GATES.

One of the important objects of my summer's sojourn in Scotland was to study the early religious environment of the Campbells in Scotland and Ireland, and to look for any memorials of their life and work that might still exist here. To this end I made a trip to Counties Antrim, Down and Armagh, in the northwestern part of Ireland, the scene of their early life.

Thomas Campbell was born near Newry, County Down, where he spent his boyhood and early manhood, until he began his work as school teacher in Connaught, and his study in the University of Glasgow. While a student at Glasgow he seems to have taught school during vacations near Ballymena, County Antrim. Here he was married and lived until his first child, Alexander, was born in 1788.

I left Edinburgh on Tuesday morning for Glasgow, where I spent the day at the University, completing some inquiries concerning the student life and work of the Campbells, which I had begun on a previous visit there and of which I shall write in a subsequent letter. On Wednesday I left Glasgow by rail for Ardrossan, where I took boat at ten o'clock for Partrush on the northern coast of Ireland, in County Antrim, about six miles from the far-famed Giant's Causeway. Excursions to Partrush, a favorite seaside resort for Ireland, are of daily occurrence, not only from all parts of Ireland but from Scotland as well. Daily excursion trips can be made from Edinburgh to Partrush and back again, giving the excursionist two hours' stay at Partrush, scarcely enough time, however, to visit properly the marvelous freak of nature at the Giant's Causeway.

The causeway is for Ireland what Niagara Falls is for America, her most interesting, single, natural wonder. A ride of forty-five minutes on a narrow-gauge, electric tramway, past Bush Mills, the ancestral home of President McKinley's forebears, and past the ruins of Dunluce Castle, which stands on a precipitous rock projecting out into the sea from the coast, brings one to the entrance to the Causeway preserves. Leaving the train, one goes quite freely (except as he is obstructed by pestiferous boatmen) until he arrives in sight of the pillared causeway that projects in a declining series into the sea. Then his way is suddenly barred by a high iron fence through which he is permitted to pass to the closer inspection of the giant's handiwork, only after the payment of a very small fee. This part of the coast is fenced off from the rest and let out to a company that makes it a means for exploiting the tourist (principally American).

Besides the causeway, with its various fantastic imagery, such as the giant's ribs, the giant's organ, the chimneys, are the two canes, truly wonderful openings into the solid rock of the coast from the sea, twenty feet wide, thirty to forty feet high and three hundred feet long. They are entered by rowboat from the sea, when the weather permits, as it did the afternoon I was there.

From the causeway I went to Londonderry, a place of 30,000 inhabitants, the principal sea port on the north coast of Ireland. From here one can make weekly sailings to Montreal, Boston and New York, and to the principal ports of South America, as well as Scotland, England, Europe, Africa and Asia. It is distinguished as the only walled city in Ireland. The old wall, built hurriedly in

1600 out of the materials of the ancient Cathedral of St. Columba and his monastic buildings, still stands, broad enough on top for two teams to pass, with room to spare—the same walls and batteries that Alexander Campbell saw when he visited the city in 1808 to procure passage on ship for himself and his father's family to America, and from which he sailed in October, the same year, to be shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland. It was this misfortune that gave him his year of study at the University of Glasgow.

From Londonderry I passed on my pilgrimage to the first sacred spot, Ballymena, the birth-place of Alexander Campbell. My heart was a-quiver with interest and expectancy as I alighted from the train and passed up the street past two or three blocks of modern houses to the old town, with its typical winding streets and low white-washed houses. Could it be that after a hundred and twenty-five years any one lived here who could tell me anything about Thomas Campbell, or any memorial remained to assure me that in any particular place Thomas lived? The fragmentary biography of Thomas which Dr. Robert Richardson gives in the early part of the Memoirs of his son Alexander, only states that Alexander was born September 12, 1788, where they then resided, near Ballymena, in the parish of Braughshane, and about one mile from the sight of the ancient and once beautiful Shane's Castle.

Nothing is more definite in identifying the place of the residence of Thomas, than "near Ballymena, about one mile from Shane's Castle." So, then, it was not in Ballymena at all that Alexander was born, but somewhere in the vicinity. Here was a task worthy of some expert geographer, or archeological explorer.

I wanted to find the house in which Alexander was born three generations ago. What could be more interesting than to identify the house, take a photograph of it, and write back to American Disciples that I had found that sacred spot. We know where Luther was born, and Erasmus, and Shakespeare, and Robert Burns, and many other great men; why would it not be as interesting and important thing to know where Alexander Campbell was born. My interest in the expedition I was making and my energies were sustained by all these considerations. But the data I had to work on were very meagre, and the further I examined it the more uncertain it became.

I discovered, first of all, that Shane's Castle was not in Braughshane Parish at all, but in the opposite direction; one was north and east of Ballymena, the other south. If the house in which he was born was "one mile" from Shane's Castle, then it was fully nine miles from Ballymena, and nearer the town of Antrim. This was the first disturbance of my confidence in Richardson's accuracy. Other disturbances were to follow.

Then I thought, perhaps there is a church still standing in which Thomas Campbell preached. But I did not warm up much to this quest after reading in Richardson's Memoirs (p. 27) that "it was prior to his engaging in these labors (preaching) and while passing to and fro to attend his studies in Scotland, and while, during vacations, he occupied himself in teaching," that he became acquainted with Jane Corneille, his future wife. The probability is that Thomas

period of his marriage and residence there. His name appears in the list of theological students at Whitburn, under Dr. A. Bruce, did not preach in or near Ballymena at the in 1792, five years after his marriage.

If this was the first year of his theological study, and if he passed from the university to the Divinity Hall at Whitburn without any break, that would put the year of his entrance into the University of Glasgow for a three years' course in 1789, two years after his marriage and one year after the birth of Alexander near Ballymena. It is not at all likely that he preached any before entering the university, or before finishing his five yearly sessions of theological study in 1797.

In brief, the conclusion of my investigation is that Thomas Campbell studied in the University of Glasgow from 1788-9 to 1791-2, and in the theological school at Whitburn during the summer sessions from 1792-1797, and that he did no preaching until he was licensed as a probationer at the close of his theological study in 1797. In 1798 he was called as pastor of Ahaney.

All this has very interesting bearing upon another inquiry. While in London at the Anglo-American conference on Christian union, Dr. J. H. Garrison told me that he had visited Ballymena and had seen a tablet in the vestibule of a Presbyterian church which bore the name of T. Campbell as one of its ministers. When I arrived in Ballymena I went in search of the tablet. I found it in the High Kirk, the second oldest Presbyterian church in Ballymena, which had grown out of a Seceder church in the country nearby. Here is a part of the inscription on the tablet: "Second Presbyterian Church, High Kirk, Ballymena. The Old Secession congregation of the parish of Kirkinriola. The earliest name connected with Kirkinriola is that of the Rev. T. Campbell from Glasgow in 1760. The Rev. W. Smyth succeeded him. In 1781 the Rev. Peter McMullen was ordained and labored conjointly in Ahoghill and Kirkinriola."

Thomas Campbell was born in 1763. He was therefore six years old in 1769, when a certain "T. Campbell from Glasgow" was connected with the church. The record has nothing more to say of "T. Campbell." Who he was or whence he came nobody seems to know. But by 1781 the record becomes more definite and complete, and the succession is unbroken. After an entire day spent in Ballymena searching in the records of the church along with its pastor, the Rev. J. M. McQuitty, the conclusion is that the "T. Campbell from Glasgow" is not Thomas, the father of Alexander, but some other person, of whom nothing more is known. It occurs all but certain that he was not the Campbell I was looking for, in the light of his student career in Glasgow, which fell after the time of his residence in Ballymena.

The present town of Ballymena is much larger than it was in Thomas Campbell's time. It numbers about 12,000 inhabitants. It is on the direct line of railroad from Londonderry to Belfast. It is a modern town in many respects and a very prosperous one. The linen industry has completely changed it from an agricultural into a manufacturing center. Next to Belfast it is the most important center of linen spinning and weaving. There is one large spinning mill employing 1,100 operatives. It was my privilege

under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. McQuitty, to be taken through the mill. Much of the flax that is used is grown in northern Ireland, but much is also imported in the rough state from Russia and Belgium. The best comes from Belgium.

After visiting the spinning mill, I visited one of the various factories, of which there are three in Ballymena. Here the yarn that comes from the spinning mill in various sizes and grades, is woven into the plain, unbleached cloths, for the bleachers and manufacturers who make it into the various articles of use, such as tablecloths and handkerchiefs. This final treatment of the linen is

principally carried on in Belfast, the commercial metropolis of the island and the center of the linen trade.

I had no sooner arrived in Ballymena than I was made aware of the tragic death that befell a former minister of the place, and his wife a few days before in a hotel in Belfast. The Rev. W. J. McCaughan, pastor for nine years of the Third Presbyterian Church of Chicago, left Chicago three years ago to take up a pastorate in Belfast. On the morning of July 26, a fire broke out in the Kelvin hotel, Belfast, in which Mr. and Mrs. McCaughan were temporarily stopping. Before they could make their escape from the build-

ing the stairways were in flames, and they were forced to go out by way of the upper windows. Mrs. McCaughan leaped to the sidewalk and her husband then tried to let himself down from the second story, but fell, striking on his head. Both died within a week from the injuries. He had been pastor of the Wellington Presbyterian Church in Ballymena before going to Toronto, whence he went to Chicago. He was held in very high esteem in northern Ireland. His photograph was displayed in many windows both in Ballymena and Belfast, as a token of the widespread public regard in which he was held.

If I Were A Preacher Again

BY A LAYMAN.

I am a superannuated minister—among the Disciples, therefore without pension. An other reason no pension is received is because I am still able bodied. I spent a half decade in the ministry, preaching both in small towns and large cities. I resigned all my pastorates when, so far as I know, I could have been unanimously requested to remain. My professional career was also terminated from choice and with expressed regret from the congregation to which I was ministering. No one regretted, however, the circumstances occasioning my cessation of the ministry so much as myself. I loved my work. Without egotism, I felt myself becoming a shepherd and no shepherd of old ever called his sheep by name and led them out to pasture with more delight than I found in shepherding the company over which I had become a pastor. I knew their homes, their poverty, their sorrows, their failings. I loved them for letting me know these things and for their effort to believe in God and be true to him. It was no trial to go to the house of grief for prayer, and the midnight call to wait on some dying soul was a sacred honor which I cherished. I had genuine emotion over the evidences of increasing spiritual perception and manifestations of the grace of God in my people.

Some years have passed beyond that professional career, but its appeal to my heart is no less today than when I was engaged in its most active and enticing duties.

Sometimes I dream myself back and am making or delivering sermons, revisiting the sick, burying again the dead or saying those mystic words which symbolize the union of two lives. And while I live those years over certain outstanding mistakes occur which I would not allow again in my ministry were that profession to be resumed.

First, I would not be a boy preacher again. I began riding on a clergyman's half fare permit when sixteen years old. I was young, I looked young—even younger than I was. As the conductor collected the fare he invariably paused to discover the deceit I was perpetrating. He looked for traces of age. He could find none. My face was innocent and boyish. He engaged me in conversation to test my voice and vocabulary. They both indicated the boy. I was conscious he was suspicious of fraud. Like most boys of tender years I blushed readily. Occasions like this brought the blood to my cheeks, not only because fraud was suspected by the conductor, but also because in my heart of hearts I felt this I was following was actually a fraudulent thing. I was a mere boy—not "old for my age." I had no intellectual training, no religious experience, no knowledge of men or realization of the Gospel's profound significance, and yet I had undertaken to preach it. At best the sermons possible to me were those heard from others, or read from the Homiletic Review, or sifted out of

church papers by omniverous and scrappy reading, none of which could have any reality in my own experience.

Immaturity may be pardoned anywhere except in the pulpit. The state sets a minimum age for granting certificates to its public school teachers. Interpreting God to a community is certainly not of less importance than the cultivation of mind.

The dignity of preaching and of religion are not enhanced by youthful preachers. It is the uniqueness or novelty of the boy preacher that draws the congregation and interests them while assembled. It cannot be logic, or vision, or understanding of men and their needs, or profound conception of the Gospel realities. Novelties are the stock-in-trade of the vaudeville. That church is wise that sacredly guards its pulpit against mere novelties or spectacular stunts. A mere stunt-producing preacher or choir will not advance the kingdom of God to any perceptible degree, even with a house full at every service. The soprano who braces herself on the last phrase of the anthem, takes a deep breath, jerks her head and ascends to "high C" adds no fervor to the prayer which follows.

Being a boy preacher is difficult to overcome. Like everything else persisted in it becomes a habit. A much advertised minister of sixty is still known as the "boy preacher" and always so introduced. His vocabulary has grown more manly, his ideas may not have changed much. It sets an unjustifiable premium on one's set of immature ideas and barricades the door against new and worthier ones. The dogmatic habit is easily acquired, for conviction is demanded in the pulpit, and what the boy is capable of thinking he must be convinced is truth if he is to preach it. It can be of no consequence to him that he has no intellectual ability or opportunity to learn the opposing view.

Furthermore, one looking back on his career as a boy preacher, must be painfully conscious of many ill-timed and erroneous utterances which were delivered with all the unction at his command. If these were taken seriously they remained in the hearers' minds a hindrance to the truth uttered later by the successor of more mature years. To lead people into a fallacious religious faith by preaching error may be quite as serious as to unsettle faith by "preaching doubt."

Second—I should not allow the newspaper reporter's estimate of results to determine my evolution of them. He is seeking news while I am trying to bring in Jesus' kingdom which "Cometh not with observation." He can discern things connected only with the church—the agent of the kingdom, I must be concerned with the kingdom itself. Mathematically and statistically he may be very correct, but his figures may be entirely meaningless. The progress of God's kingdom

cannot be computed on an adding machine. Devices can be utilized to produce rapid results and demand attention which have no spiritual significance or permanency. Such results will only react for injury on the kingdom and the church.

I have in mind an experience where 108 additions resulted in an exciting revival. It was the talk of the town. Night after night the house was packed. Not only the converts but the entire congregation also was intoxicated, and their quiet-working minister, a splendid, experienced pastor, was compelled to withdraw from the pastorate very soon after because he could not keep up the stimulation. The business of the church could no longer be maintained in a normal atmosphere. Moral and spiritual activity required an exciting stimulus from without. Character in the old or new members was not sufficient to compel attendance on the services of worship or the Lord's table. There was no foundation or sanction for moral and spiritual living developed in the lives of these converts, and one year after, not more than a dozen could be discovered at the church. They had been intoxicated.

They had confessed Christ in a moment of weakness. They were not themselves. The normal inhibitions of their life were gone. Their usual resolution had left them. It was no time to be making a profound decision. They needed for this the moments of their greatest strength and power, those moments when they were most themselves. Had they at this time with all its fever and excitement, been persuaded to sell their farm or mortgage their home, when they came into the cool and quiet to consider it sanely, they could easily yield themselves to remorse, if not to litigation for recovery.

How difficult is it becoming for us to recognize the value of an individual. It is hard to estimate properly one man when a thousand are being converted. We are saving men in herds. I wonder if Philip would go after the eunuch today unless he happened to be holding a revival and had already ninety-nine converts.

After the revival is over we have an interest in "holding the converts" but are not anxious for the individual convert. A man can slip away from the church today without his name being mentioned in official board meetings, or a single Christian going to discover the reason. To help in converting a multitude when the revival is on, we send people out to buttonhole the prospective candidate, but once in he discovers the church's back door has no guard and he slips out unobserved and with no comment relative to his absence. Does this indicate a possible greater interest in the revival than in the salvation of men? In the spectacular exhibition than in the quiet functions where duty ought to call imperatively?

I should not be proud of the large membership of my church, but humbled by the indifference and dereliction of my people. Large numbers read well in church papers, but may not be legitimately used by a minister as *prima facie* evidence of his greatness. It may be a confession of weakness. When my address on the program was failing miserably it was not a little comfort to keep in the front of my consciousness the hope that extra significance would attach to the things I was saying, because of my reputation as pastor of no mean congregation. It is not difficult to recall with what assurance I rested on my auditor's knowing how large and important was my parish. I dared not say it to myself then, but now I know and confess, what I thought and used as an evidence of strength was convincing proof of weakness.

Then, too, church statistics are not reliable. We have churches today of a half thousand or more that are only nominally self-supporting; where prayer meetings are attended by scarcely enough to constitute a quartette choir; where congregations on Sunday are no larger than when the membership was 30 per cent of what it is today; where missions and current expenses were as liberally supported when the membership was not more than one-third as large as now. Three times as many people are required to do the same work done by this congregation only a few years ago. Increasing in numbers it has declined in spiritual efficiency. The only feature of the church larger now than formerly is its directory. This contains 60 per cent more names. A church may be 600 weak as well as 600 strong—reports usually indicate the latter. Numbers in the church directory or dollars on the collection plate are not safe criteria.

Third—I should try to discern more carefully between mere institutional success and building up the kingdom of Jesus. The world is commercially minded. It is difficult for us to "make a showing" of what we are accomplishing except we do it in dollars and cents or in figures at least. It is becoming difficult even for two preachers to discuss the growth of their churches and do it in terms of religion. Prayer, sacrifice, missionary culture, Bible study, social service, these are rarely mentioned in exchange of reports. It may be objected that these are not tangible results and the others are. These would seem very much more tangible to us if we set ourselves to think of the prosperity of our work in such terms rather than in those other more tangible terms which are almost irrelevant. I am condemning no one more than myself that the church is judged by ordinary commercial standards. It is my shame that as a minister I was not spiritually minded enough to be indifferent to such unworthy standards and lead my people to a loftier plane of spiritual perception.

The day was when official boards took up subjects in their meetings which pertained to the spiritual life and welfare of the congregation. Now they are busy about raising finances, patching the furnace, and letting the contract for cleaning the carpet in the spring. We can become enthusiastic over a project to raise \$50 in a sociable but we have endless difficulty in finding teachers for the Sunday-school, or Christian people to fill the adult classes. We can work ourselves into a frenzy over a Red and Blue contest but would never think of inviting our neighbor to Sunday-school if a reward were not promised our side for winning. The religious motive is in the background. We are trying to convert the world by indirections. We entice people to church and Sunday-school by tricks and keep them there by additional schemes and methods. It is to be regretted we are using subterfuges instead of manly and straightforward appeals for men to be-

come Christians and do those duties which fall to Christian people. The church's devices to win people are transparent and her reputation suffers rather than gains from them. The church is a religious institution. Its business is to direct men toward holy living. The church is not a theater or social club or

athletic association. Athletics and social functions directed by the church are not evil. But there needs an emphasis today on the fundamentally spiritual aspect of the church. Her work is soul saving through inducing men to live the life of Jesus. It is a sacred and serious business.

Renaissance Of The Country Church

BY J. S. KIRTLEY, D. D.

Will the country churches come back? If they heed the many and insistent calls upon them, they will, provided they can. A new interest is centering on them, an essential part of the new interest in country life in general. There is a renaissance of country life. "Back to the farm," "back to the country," "next to nature" are the new rallying cries of the movement to the country, which includes those who are leaving and those who are longing to leave the cities. Their motives are various—economic, which is the leading motive at present, æsthetic, ethical, religious, hygienic, domestic and possibly others.

The High Cost of Living Talk.

We are familiar with the economical question involved. If about five or ten millions of the people, now living in cities, would get out into the country and go to farming, they would still the strident wail about the high cost of living, in one season. The high cost of living is due, in only a small degree, to the tariff and to the trusts, and to "high living." There are only two real reasons for it and they would both pass out of existence if the right number of people would go to the farm. Those two reasons are that there are not enough people engaged in producing the necessities of life as compared with the number engaged in handling and consuming them, and that combinations and conspiracies in restraint of trade are possible because the producers are too few and are not as well organized as the transportation and commercial companies.

More people on the farms would produce more, be more comfortable, and be in a position to co-operate for their own protection against inimical combinations and thereby protect their friends in the city. The churches are a part of this great movement. They must have a care for the people now flocking to the farms. The question of the country church is a great national question. Colonel Roosevelt was right every time he reminded us that the development of the life of the people, who are dealing directly with nature and furnishing food and clothes to the nation, is really the most important question we have to deal with.

The Early Country Church.

The country church is to play a vital part in the new country life. Its part in the early pioneer life was the most important thing in that life. It made the settlement of the West possible. Without it, the people would not have gone; with it, they won their victories; to it, the whole nation is indebted. One church is known as the "traveling church" because, when its members went from Spotsylvania County, Va., to the new state of Kentucky, the organization transferred itself, too. And there are scores of similar removals in the early days of New England, while later churches moved from Illinois to Kansas, pastor and all. The churches were the center of history. Great men filled their pulpits and were leaders in the social, educational and ethical life of the community. Great laymen filled the pews. Preachers and laymen stayed in the country. Young men rose up to continue the work of their fathers, in pulpit and pew.

Out from the country came the men most eminent in the cities. Up to a few years ago, the majority of our foremost preachers were born and brought up in the country. The majority of the strongest laymen came from the farm. At last ministers went to the city, because the laymen went; there was a greater number of people to influence and a better opportunity for culture and an adequate support. The young laymen went because of the better business and professional opportunities. For the past three decades the churches have been losing men and money so rapidly that they have become anaemic. Some have gone out of existence altogether, and few of the rest are more than alive. Their present assets are small, certainly as to quantity, and the little opportunity they have had has been divided between churches of differing and conflicting denominations, while strangers who have come in have not been willing or able to become assimilated.

New Conditions.

Now a new community is growing up. There are plenty of people, but they are not homogeneous, either in nationality or religion, and they are throwing down a new challenge to the churches. If the churches are not able to meet the issue, they are a travesty on Christianity. All our leaders and thinkers recognize the essential character of their work and are appealing to them to come to the assistance of the reorganized country communities. The agricultural colleges and papers and departments are telling us how indispensable the churches but for the whole life, the foundational unit, not only for the religious life, as such, fying, purifying and directive force of the people.

The church in the country must render the old service but in a new way, because the present community is a new thing in human history, in its complexity. It must, first of all, be content to be a country church, not a miniature city church—just a church for the people in whose midst it lives. It must draw its life from its own environment, or, rather, must plant the divine life which it brings, in its own soil. The problems of the community are to be its problems. It must not be out of sympathy with the city, but its mission is to the country.

Unification and Co-operation.

It must render its ministry to the whole people. Where there are two different denominations in one community, it is a real misfortune. In that case, it will be almost impossible to do its duty by all the people, entirely impossible unless the churches enter into Christlike co-operations with each other; and, even then, there will be serious limitations on their usefulness. The money spent for two ministers would support one stronger man; and two separate plants involve a waste which we all condemn.

Its ministry must be to all the interests of all the people. It ought to be the center of the community life, steadily reorganizing its social life, as it defects from the true course, and directing its drift. The activities of the public may well center in its

building and find their rootage in its ideals. The church must be the counselor from which all will be glad to get help in life's problems, both public and private.

One of the most important things remains yet to be said. The church must utilize all the community in its work. When that is well done, there will be no longing for the ways of the city church. The culture of the country is reaching the level of that of the city and, in the country community where

the ideals of service are well taught, the musical talent of the young people will enrich the worship of the church, if it is sympathetically utilized. Its financial support will be easy.

The difficulties are plentiful, but not insurmountable. The complex and diverse elements and the different religious beliefs need not be disastrous to consecrated workers. The bitter denominational rivalries have, in

a measure, ceased; family prejudices have mostly died or become inactive, partly because families have scattered; new people are on the ground, ready to be built into the new church, if only they are taught by truth and led by the hand of love. The renaissance of the country church is a necessity in the renaissance of the country, and it still may have a glorious prospect for a greater ministry to mankind than it has ever yet rendered. Chicago.

The Book World

A CERTAIN RICH MAN, by William Allen White. This novel was taken up by the reviewer with a feeling of confidence because of the many favorable review of the book which he had read, and the commendations of his friends. The story not all disappointing. It is a strong novel interpreting the most characteristic phases of present day commercial life in America. It is true to the life which it interprets and true to the deepest philosophy of righteousness. The hero of the story, John Barclay, is a mere lad in the beginning of the Civil War. Soon after the close of the war, he starts for the state University of Kansas, his native state. During his university course he not only makes his own expenses, but a considerable sum in addition, not by hard work, by business sense, is this done. Then follows the business career with increasing power and wealth. He is not always scrupulous, but he is successful. He forms companies that control whole industries. The power thus gained is used to influence law makers and law interpreters. With vividness is the whole story of sorrow and blighted lives left in the trail of this man's success told by the author. When life is far spent, through the influence of his mother, who has lived a quiet life of devotion to the high ideals and has never given up hope that her son would some day come to a similar faith, John Barclay comes to see that he has missed the way of life. Then follows restitution, so far as possible a righting of wrongs, and when life is about gone John Barclay begins to live. It is a strong story and will repay careful reading. (The Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$1.00 net.)

CRIME AND CRIMINALS, is a small volume of 300 pages published by the Prison Reform League, Los Angeles, California. It is well known by thoughtful students of social conditions that hardly anything in our administration of government in the United States is more in need of reform than our treatment of criminals. As the name indicates, the purpose of this league it to bring about such reform. The volume under consideration is sent out to help reform sentiment. It is filled with descriptions of the wrong way to treat criminals based upon investigations made by the representatives of the league in all parts of the country. In contrast with this are descriptions of the better methods of other countries, and the advocacy of a scientific social policy suggested in the following objects of the League: (1) The abolition of capital punishment, that the state may no longer swell the list of murders by becoming itself a murder. (2) Reform of the administration of criminal law. Restraint to be for the sole purpose of protecting society and reforming the offender. This league was organized in 1909 and already has more than 4000 members. Col. G. J. Griffith, 443 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, is Secretary of the League.

SEEKING AFTER GOD, by Lyman Abbott, a series of sermons or essays by the editor

of the Outlook, which will be welcomed by a large circle of readers. In recent years Dr. Abbot has written several books of this general character, and they have been widely read. The purpose of the present volume is thus expressed in the preface: "Religion consists in seeking to find our true relation to God, the center of life, and to our fellow-men. The object of this book is to help those who are, consciously or unconsciously seeking for this center and for their own true orbit and place, and so for peace." The chapter headings are a fair index of the material that may be found in this volume. They are: "The Soul's Quest After God"; "God in Nature"; "God in Humanity"; "God in Jesus Christ"; "God a Savior from Sin." The book includes 156 pages, printed on the best paper and well bound. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., N. Y., \$1.00 net.)

—**THE CREATORS**, by May Sinclair. The Creators are folk who write—men and women whose genius sets them apart from their kind—men and women for whom their work is the vital fact of existence. Some of them marry; some of them do not—and call Fate cruel. All of them work feverishly, intensely, spending themselves on their work without mercy. All of them have the brilliancy and fascination which genius gives its children; and May Sinclair's pen makes them live on the printed page—Jane, Tanqueray, Prothero, Laura, Rose, Nicky. Is it possible for the man or woman of genius to marry, and sacrifice neither family happiness nor success in creative work? This is the question these "creators" ask of themselves and each other often in their brilliant talk. This is the problem they try to work out in their lives. A clever picture of life and thought today in London among men and women who create. (Century Co., New York, \$1.50.)

—**AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS**, by W. C. Brownell. The American writers whose life and work is discussed in this volume are: Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell and Henry James. One wonders why the author should not have included a longer list of names of men who would seem worthy to stand with those here named. However that maybe. Mr. Brownell has dealt carefully and critically with the works of those included in his list. Not much space is given to a narrative of the life of the writer studied, and to a criticism of his individual production, almost none. The attempt is rather to study critically the underlying qualities of thought and literary style. As such the book is technical and critical, well adapted to the use of careful students of American Literature. To the average reader it will hardly be found entertaining. (Charles Scribners Sons, N. Y., \$1.50, net.)

OLD MOTHER WEST WIND, by Thornton W. Burgess. In his charming book of stories for children, Mr. Burgess has personified the winds and the various small animals, yet the latter retain their animal characteristics. Old Mother West Wind came down from the

purple hills in the golden light of the morning, opened the bag in which were all her children, the merry little breezes, and let them loose, and they began to spin around for very joy; and then the merry little breezes and Johnny Chuck, and Grandfather Frog, and Mrs. Redwing, and Billy Mink, and Reddy Fox, and the Field Mice Children, and Jack Squirrel, and Peter Rabbit, all played together. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.00.)

THE BROWNIE'S LATEST ADVENTURES, by Palmer Cox. All the Brownie books are unique but Mr. Cox's clever pen, his gift at jingle-turning seem to gain in cleverness and wit with every year; and youngsters of all ages will vote this the jolliest Brownie book yet. There are all the old favorites in the new book, and some new friends; and they help a hospital, and harvest ice, and sow seeds in most novel fashion, and put out a fire, and play many other Brownie pranks. Pictures and verse are done as only Palmer Cox knows how. (Century Co., New York. \$1.50.)

German Street Cars

In all my street railway riding in Germany I have not yet seen a crowded street railway car, a writer in the Engineering News says. Only once have I seen passengers standing inside a car. The Germans recognize the necessity of making street railway service flexible, to provide for variations in travel at different times, and they attach trail cars behind the motor cars. In even such small cities as Heidelberg a train consisting of a closed motor car hauling an open trail car is regularly run. American street railways have provided for increased traffic by putting on larger and heavier cars, but the Germans have met the same problem by running trains of two or three cars. The advantages of the German system to the public are extremely great and I believe they are almost as great to the street railway. The floors of German street cars are low, like the American street cars of a dozen years ago. They are far easier to get in and out of than our high-floored American cars, which are designed to accommodate the car builder rather than the convenience of the traveling public. The German street cars are clean. They are even cleaner than the Boston street cars; and those who know how high the Boston street-railway service stands compared with that of most other American cities will appreciate what a compliment this is. Not only are the cars clean, but they are attractive. They are kept well painted and varnished, and they look in fact, like an American car just out of the shops. And not only are the cars clean, but the employees are clean. Their uniforms are immaculate, their brass buttons shining and the men themselves are courteous to a degree that leaves an American dissolved in astonishment.

A
SERIAL
STORY

Donald Graeme

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By
M. A.
FULTON

(CHAPTER XXII—Continued.)

"Let us not speak of him, Mrs. Johnston. As for Miss Jeanie, we must just hope that in all that concerns her true happiness, she will be guided for the best. And now," he added gravely, "I think I would like to look over today's paper." Without another word, the housekeeper handed him the Glasgow Herald and left the room. But the minister did not read. No sooner was he alone than the paper dropped from his nerveless fingers. His brow contracted in a frown of pain. He stared into the fire with dark, unseeing eyes, while his lips trembled with emotion. At length he bowed his head on his one arm and groaned brokenly—"O God—a wounded spirit—who can bear?" He did not hear the door-bell ring, nor the quiet voices in the hall. He only roused himself with a start and a guilty rush of color to his pale face as Mrs. Johnston threw open the study door and announced, "Mrs. Graeme and Miss Jeanie." With a great effort he controlled himself and advanced to meet them with smiling face and words of welcome.

"So you have been quite alone all day, Mr. Sinclair? So Mrs. Johnston has just told us."

"It has been one of the longest days of my life, too, Mrs. Graeme, and your fault, I think. You see your care and kindness, while I was with you, have just spoiled me for living a solitary life—and what shall I say to you, Jeanie? This is the first time you've come to see me since I returned to the Manse." Jeanie blushed very prettily as she gave him her hand.

"Indeed, Mr. Sinclair, I think our house owes you an apology for having given you no peace, lately. It seemed to me that some of our family was always finding an excuse for invading the Manse."

"A Graeme can never come too often here, Jeanie." He placed chairs for them in the cosiest places and took his favorite position by the mantel-piece, his back to the light and Jeanie full under his eyes.

"Did you hear that Donald's away to Oban, Mr. Sinclair?" inquired Mrs. Graeme.

"Yes—Mrs. Johnston told me, just before you came—nothing wrong with James Douglas, I hope."

"Nothing. He wrote in great spirits the day after he went there." Jeanie could not wait for her mother's calm way of telling of their hopes. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, she bent forward on her chair, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Sinclair, think of it—James believes he has found a clue to the discovery of the forger!" Mr. Sinclair's own face shone as he gazed at her. The thought of Mrs. Johnston's belief that Miss Jeanie was breaking her heart flashed through his mind and he smiled at the thought. Outwardly he answered fervently—"Thank God."

"Of course," added Mrs. Graeme, "he mentioned no name. He just told Donald to come to him with all speed, bringing the forged cheque. His letter put Donald into such a state of excitement that he rushed off at the first possible moment. He meant to come to you, Mr. Sinclair, along with Jeanie. We thought he would return the next day, but a card this morning says both he and James will come in a few more days. Jeanie could wait no longer, so anxious has she been to see you, Mr. Sinclair."

"I am thankful to Donald for having gone, if it makes Jeanie anxious to see me," he

said, while his face lit up with that rare smile of his. They laughed. But Jeanie was pale as she answered:

"You know my business, already, I am sure. Father has told you about Donald and John M'Ketridge. I need not say any more about it. It is all too painful. But I have brought you the money. And I shall never cease to be grateful for your goodness to us all. Mother thanks you as much as I do." Her eyes were shining in tears and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"You will never know, Mr. Sinclair," said Mrs. Graeme, in her low, sweet voice, "what you have done for Donald, and for us all, in this world. I believe the lad would have been in a foreign land, long ago, but for you. May God bless you, and grant you your heart's desires."

Mr. Sinclair's dark eyes were full of tender feeling as he listened. He was silent a moment, then he said sadly:

"Your prayer for me may mean much more than you imagine, Mrs. Graeme. As for you, Jeanie, I may confess that I guessed from the first that this money was for Donald. I knew also that the time would come when both you and he would tell me all. You were very brave, child, to bear the burden alone so long—"

"Do you not think," interrupted Mrs. Graeme, "that it would have been wiser of her had she told her mother?"

"You forget that Donald would not consent to her doing so—Mr. Graeme told me everything, you see, just as Donald told him."

"Quite true, Mr. Sinclair—it was not Jeanie's fault. Poor Donald was hiding among the trees, as guilt always does."

"A man may fall and rise again. If I mistake not, Mrs. Graeme, the new Donald will be a braver and a better man than he could ever have been without his bitter experience. He has fought a hard battle and received wounds whose scars will remain always to remind him of the dangers of the way. But his penitence proves him conqueror. Henceforth he will not only strive to be a true man himself, but he will do all that in him lies to lead others into straight paths." Jeanie's face was shining with eager light as he spoke. When he ceased, in words scarcely above a whisper, she inquired:

"Then you do not now suspect Donald of having committed the forgery?"

"Most assuredly, I now believe him to be innocent. And even if this clue, which James Douglas believes he has discovered, should lead to nothing, yet I feel that Donald is at last speaking out the whole truth." Jeanie, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, looked the thanks she could not utter; while Mrs. Graeme fervently exclaimed:

"God bless you, Mr. Sinclair."

"Yes, but there is more I wish to add—that, even if Donald had done this vile thing under strong temptation, now that he is repentant, it is not for us weak men and women to condemn a fellow creature; I, least of all, whose sin has been deeper than Donald's, whatever he may have done." He spoke as one who meted out to himself stern, inexorable, self-condemnation. Jeanie stared at him incredulous, wonder-eyed. While her mother said, amazedly:

"You, Mr. Sinclair?"

"Yes—I. Listen. For the man who has left me maimed for life, I have felt, deep down in my heart, resentment, which at

times has been almost hatred. To be robbed of a strong arm is less black enough and hard enough to bear. But I fear he has robbed me of that which I had prized more than an arm. I had my dreams of home and happiness. He has shattered them, too. I, the one-armed minister, must go on my way a lonely man for life. Not because I am maimed, though, but because my enemy has won the love of the only woman in the world who could have made me happy. The bitter knowledge has come to me very slowly, but very surely, since I returned to the Manse. I have been through my Gethsemane, and, like my Master, an angel has been with me to strengthen me. For your sake, Jeanie, I forgive Archie Monteith everything, and can sincerely wish him happiness, because it means yours also." Jeanie's face was tremulous with emotion. The color came and went in her cheeks. Her eyes were radiant through unshed tears. Her lips parted, as if to speak but she could not utter a word. He had never seen her so beautiful. It was the moment of greatest misery in his life, yet he smiled as he said gently:

"You are glad that I have forgiven him, Jeanie?"

Suddenly words came to her.

"Glad," she said. "Glad—oh, my heart is overflowing with joy."

"He is so much to you?" said he, and the light faded from his own face.

"Oh, Mr. Sinclair, can you not understand? The man I love is even more noble than I thought."

"What has Mr. Monteith done, Jeanie, to prove himself noble?"

"I was not thinking of my cousin Archie. I never loved him," she said, with downcast eyes. The minister bent forward eagerly, his face shining with hope:

"Oh, Jeanie, is my love not in vain?" She lifted her eyes to his. It was enough. The next moment, regardless of her mother's presence, he was kissing the fair, upturned face. He would never think of himself as the one-armed minister any more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The shop was closed for the night and Mr. Graeme, expecting to find his wife and daughter in the drawing-room, made his way there with slow, spiritless steps. But the room was empty and the fire burnt low. He poked it viciously, as if it were to blame for his depression, put on more coal, and then threw himself wearily into an easy chair, and fell a-brooding. Donald's confession, strengthened as it was by John M. Ketridge, failed to bring peace to his mind regarding the forgery. The money borrowed by Jeanie from Mr. St. Clair had gone to Mr. Ketridge, right enough. But this only made it all the blacker for Donald. If the gambling craze had got possession of him, was it not highly probable that he had fallen a prey to other gamblers as well? Though Mr. Sinclair had tried to persuade him of the young man's innocence, yet in his own heart, thought the miserable father, the minister believed Donald guilty. So weighed down was the good man under the burden of his sorrow, that when his wife and daughter presently returned home, they found him haggard and despondent and as woe-be-gone as if the world held for him nothing worth living for. Jeanie swiftly came to his side and knelt down.

"Father" was all she said, but her face was radiant. He was roused in a moment.

"Jeanie, ye hae something to tell me. Have ye heard frae Donald? Can he clear himself?"

"Dear father, how can you look so sad when the whole world is full of joy. Oh, what am I to have received such happiness?" Rising from her knees she whispered to her mother, "tell him" and hastened from the room.

"Wife, what's come tae the lassie?"
 "The knowledge that a good man loves her, and wants her to be his wife."
 "Archie?"

"Archie's not in it. Poor fellow, I know now why she couldn't care for him."

"Jamie Douglas maybe?" Mrs. Graeme smiled, though her eyes glistened in tears.

"Mr. Sinclair" she said softly. David Graeme rose to his feet. He drew himself to his full height. The look of anxiety dropped from his face as if it had been a mask. Lifting one hand imploringly he said:

"Elizabeth, don't mock me. Is it true that the minister has asked oor bairn tae be his wife?"

"It is true, David. I was there and gave them my blessing. But oh, to think of it, our bonnie Jeanie is going to marry a one-armed man! I could have wished it otherwise."

"Elizabeth, I wonder at ye. Airm' or no airm I could wish nae better man for Jeanie. An' I'm sensible of the great honor he has done us a' in wishing to make her his wife. But I'm no' sure that it would be right for me to give my consent."

"David?"

"The meenister's name shouldna be linked wi' anither that's tarnished beyond help."

"Will you be the last to believe our son is innocent David? Mr. Sinclair has not a doubt about Donald. Should that not be enough for you?"

"Ay, but the proof, wife, where's the proof?" As if in answer to his question, there was a loud peal at the door bell. The next moment, eager feet were heard ascending the stairs, and James Douglas and Donald literally burst into the room. Jeanie heard the joyful greetings amid her own happy musings, and flew downstairs to welcome them.

"Why Jamie," exclaimed Mr. Graeme "ye're only a week awa' an' ye're a new man already."

"New? I'm nothing short o' a conquering hero! Sit down one and a' till I tell ye o' my conquest."

"You must have supper first, lads. It's a long way from Oban."

"Hear till yer mither, Donald. She thinks that meat an' drink wad be better than the news we hae to tell."

"It will not be all news to mother, Jamie," answered Donald.

"If yer news is guid, let's hear it. Supper can wait" said Mr. Graeme.

"Supper never was like this, maister. See I am coming hame like a hielan' chieftain o' long ago, wi' an important prisoner in me grip—Richard Smith, nae less! What think ye o' these, Mr. Graeme?" He laid on the table the forged cheque and the envelope addressed "Mr. Richard Smith." Mr. Graeme put on his spectacles, while Jeanie and her mother bent breathlessly over the writing.

"Written by the same hand, but disguised in the cheque," murmured Jeanie.

"It's not Donald's writing. Thank God," said Mrs. Graeme. Mr. Graeme examined the writing long and critically. At last he said slowly, "The same hand wrote them both, who's to prove who that was?"

"You are, maister," said James.

"I? How?"

"Do ye remember the frosty morning that ye asked Miss Jeanie here, tae address letters for ye in the office. A kind-hearted fren wadna allow her tae sit in the cauld. He wad gang tae the ends o' the earth tae save her one hour's unpleasantness. The black-berted, lying deevil, when he was crushing the joy oot o' her very life by letting her brither, an innocent man, bear the blame o' his crime. Forgive me, Mr. Graeme, for being

in such a passion, but I canna tholl tae think o' the double dyed villain." He paused and wiped his brow. Mr. Graeme was breathing hard.

"Take care Jamie," he said "how ye lay the blame on Erchie. Much as I would like tae see ma ain son cleared, I would not like it done at the expense o' an innocent man."

"Innocent? The hertless scoonrel—the black wolf who came prowlin' after your white lamb. It wasna Donald he wanted tae injure, but me. Ma word, but it's fitting that it's by me the mask's torn off an' the criminal brought tae justice."

"Be calm, Jamie," said Donald. "Tell your story from the beginning. Don't you see they do not understand you?"

"How can I keep calm, man, when I think o' it? But I'll try. Well maister, you mind that ye telt me tae see if the letters were a' stamped an' sealed. Then I was tae post them wi' me ain hands. Ye mind how I brocht ye ane and asked ye for anither cover. I had ta'en off the cover addressed by the forger's hand tae Richard Smith. It lies before ye there, an' yer ain lips hae said it's written by the man who forged the cheque. Heaven only kens how I got tae the post office that day an' back. For nigh a week past, I had been creepy an' headachy, but frae the instant I saw that address my brain seemed afire. Before night, as ye'll a' remember I was helpless in my bed. When my long sickness was past an' I could think, I made up my mind tae wait an' see Mr. Sinclair about it. Then I went tae Oban. I was but ae night there when a thing flashed on my memory that had clean escaped my mind since the month o' August last. It was the day Mr. Sinclair came back frae the motor tour wi' his brither. It was the first time he had seen Miss Jeanie from she left school. We were a' at tea when he came in. Erchie was there a' politeness. I watched him when Mr. Sinclair's face lit up at sight o' Miss Jeanie, an' I said tae myself 'the deil's looking oot o' his twa e'e.' I left the table in a rage, and returned to ma work, an' I was thumpin' the sugar bags so I wonder they didna burst. When Mr. Erchie lounged into the shop an' says he with a lordly air, 'Could I have writing materials, James? I want to send a letter by next mail.' The maister was crachin' upstairs wi' the minister. I told Erchie tae gang into the office, he would find what he wanted there. The next day the forged cheque was cashed in the bank. What do ye think o' noo, maister?" he concluded triumphantly.

"It looks black for Erchie. Donald, my son, can you pardon yer auld faither for the wrong he's done ye?" Donald stretched out both hands eagerly and grasped his father's.

"It was no wonder you doubted me, father. I deserved it." Then he placed an arm round his mother and Jeanie and kissed them both, though neither could speak for tears.

"It's a joyful supper we're having," said James again, wiping his hot brow. "But tell us maister when are ye going tae put these papers into the hands of the police?"

"Safely, Jamie, he's oor ain flesh an' blood. I'll send for him the morn, and hear what he has tae say for himself." Suddenly Donald's eyes flashed with anger and he exclaimed bitterly:

"Father, when you thought me guilty, you were ready to banish me to the ends of the earth, but when black suspicion rests on Archie you seem quick with your forgiveness. It is most unjust."

"Hush, Donald, and be slow to lay blame tae yer auld faither. If Sawtan himsel' had done it, I could gladly forgive him, jist oot o' thankfulness that ma ae son is an honest man."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Last Link.

"Hilloa! James Douglas. Is it really you in the flesh, or is it a wraith that I see before me?"

"Nae mair a wraith than you are yersel', Maister Gordon. Though I'll allow that ma cloes dinna fit sae weel as they used tae do. But that'll come in time, like ither things tae them that wait."

"I'm real glad to see you so fit, James, after your long illness. But this is no day for you to be out for it's fair raining frost. Come away to my den and crack awee."

"Thank ye kindly Maister Gordon, not this evening. It is half past five now, and I promised Mrs. Graeme that I'd be hame by six o'clock."

"I'll not keep you ten minutes, James. Do you know, I was just going to call at Graeme's to see you, when we chanced to meet. It may be a matter of importance to you—or maybe to myself in the long run, ha! ha! No such luck for poor Gordon. The man wi' the motor has cut us all out, Jamie, and yet—and yet, the bonnie lassie is growing more and more like a snowdrop every day."

"If it's Miss Jeanie ye mean, Maister Frank Gordon, ye may keep yer pity tae yersel'. She's no ane tae be caught wi' dross. As for the motor-car, she thinks nae mair o't than if 'twas a whirlbarrow. There's something better in store for her than a whited sepulchre."

"You're a man after my own heart, James. I never could bear the glint of yon fellow's e'en. And Hornie himsel' couldn't be more jealous minded. But come away, I have something to show you." They were at the door of his lodgings as he spoke, and Frank Gordon quickly led Jamie to his own room. Unlocking a drawer, he produced a cabinet sized photograph.

"What think ye o' that, James Douglas?" he inquired, holding it under the gas-light.

"Archie Monteith!" exclaimed Jamie. "Where did you get it?"

"The first snap-shot taken in my summer holidays. Not bad for an amateur, is it? In truth I was so pleased with it that I enlarged it as you see."

"But where—where was he when you caught this. It looks like somewhere I know."

"Ay, you ought to know it, seeing you have done there many a time, what he was doing that day. Could you count how many times, James, you have cashed a cheque in the Bank of Brigend?" Jamie Douglas jumped to his feet, his eyes ablaze with excitement. "For Heaven's sake Frank Gordon, can you tell me the date?"

"Right well I can, my dear fellow. The first day of my summer holidays, the eighth of August, half-past ten o'clock in the morning under bright sunshine. Anything else?" Jamie was grasping a chair back with one hand to steady himself. In the other he held the photograph at which he glared wildly.

"Yes, yes" he cried "something else I must know. It is of the utmost importance. Can you find out for me the amount of money he drew from the bank that day?"

"I have found it for you already James: The cashier and myself are good friends as well as fellow-lodgers. You can tell Mr. David Graeme that light-headed, glib-tongued Frank Gordon has now found for him the missing link in a chain that he has been trying to piece together for months."

"But for why hae ye been silent sae long, Maister Gordon?" said James sternly.

(To be continued.)



The Flying Hours

Twelve little birds fly by in a row—
Bright little birds are they;
Shining and free and as blue as can be,
And these are the hours of the day.
The sun shines warmly across their wings
As they flutter their way along,
And now and again, in their joy of things,
They carol a daytime song.
Twelve little owls fly by in a row—
Silent and dark their flight;
Gray little things with shadowy wings,
And these are the hours of the night.
But the last of them all, as he hovers low,
Is flushed with a radiant pink,
This is the good little sunrise owl—
I like him the best, I think.

—Selected.

Moses

BY FAY STUART.

Helen ran into the house in breathless excitement. "Oh, grandma!" she cried, "Topsy has a chicken out in the barn and it is all snuggled up beside little Bobbie, just come and see."

"For pity sake!" exclaimed grandma in a flurry. "I never knew Topsy to touch a chicken before. Run quick, Helen, and tell your grandpa! I cannot leave these doughnuts, I wouldn't have believed that Topsy would touch a chicken."

"But, grandma, Topsy isn't hurting the chicken; I think she's just adopted it, that is all," explained Helen.

Grandma Major looked sharply at her over the top of her spectacles.

"You are not telling a fairy tale, child?" she demanded.

"Why no, grandma, it's really, truly so. Grandpa is out in the barn now looking at her. Push the kettle back and come and see," urged Helen earnestly.

Sure enough! In the corner where grandpa had made her a soft nest of hay, lay old Topsy-cat with little black Bobbie and a pretty yellow chicken. She looked up, purring contentedly as grandma and Helen entered.

"Well, I never saw anything to equal that in my life!" cried grandma. "How do you suppose it happened, David?"

"Well, you see, Lucy, it was like this. I had eleven chicks left in the brooder and it didn't seem worth while to keep it heated for so few, so I took 'em out and gave 'em to a hen yesterday. She acted as though she would take 'em all right and I went off and left her. About an hour afterward, I went back and that pesky idiot of a hen had picked the eyes out of ten of those chicks. There they lay, dead as door nails, all smashed to pieces! I could have killed that hen with good relish. I didn't pay very much attention to the one little fellow that was left and while I was picking up the dead ones I lost sight of him. The next time I went to the barn, there he was all cuddled up with Topsy and her kitten. I suppose he wandered in there and Topsy took him into her nest. I didn't say anything about it last night, Lucy, for I knew you'd be so worried you wouldn't get a wink of sleep.

But I watched 'em, off and on, all the morning and I've made up my mind that Topsy will make a better mother than that old hen. Curious, ain't it?"

"I always did say that Topsy knew as much as some folks," replied grandma.

Harold ran into the kitchen and returned with a saucer of milk. At once the trio surrounded the dish and drank the milk hungrily. The twins laughed merrily as they watched the strange family at dinner.

Then Topsy called her children back into the nest and gave them a good washing. The yellow chicken had to take his scrubbing as well as Bobbie.

"We ought to give him a name," suggested Helen.

"All right," agreed Harold, "and I know a dandy one. We will call him Moses."

Helen looked doubtful. "I don't think that Moses is a very pretty name, Harold," she objected.

"Well, but don't you remember the Sunday school lesson about Moses?" argued Harold. "All the other babies were being killed, but Moses was hid in the little ark among the bulrushes and so he lived to grow up. All the other baby chickens are killed and I think this fellow ought to be called little Moses."

"All right," said Helen, "let's call him Moses. Only I thought Marigold would be very nice because he is so yellow."

By-and-by, the kitten and chicken began to have funny frolics together. The little black kitten, so fat that it tumbled clumsily about, and the fluffy ball of yellow down, would chase each other all around the barn floor. They rolled and frisked about in the hay until they were tired; then they would lie down beside patient old Topsy and go sound asleep.

The three often wandered about the yard together and Moses seemed to prefer the cat's company to that of the barnyard fowl, even when he was quite grown up.

"Moses is almost as good a pet as Jim Crow," decided Helen.

"Well, I don't know but you are right," said Grandpa Major.

The Boy Scout

Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld of the London Daily Express, writing in the Outlook, says of the effects of the Boy Scout movement in England: "It has wrought a revolution in British manners and ways of thought. The discovery of the boy has not only changed the nature of the boy for the better, but has so improved him that he now sets a national standard.

"There is the point of honor. 'A scout's honor is to be trusted.' It is the old law of the knights newly revived, gloriously resurrected. There is the matter of day-by-day helpfulness. It was common to hear, in the days before the scout movement, how people were drowned in rivers, ponds, or canals, with crowds helplessly looking on. Now that all scouts are taught to swim and to rescue the drowning, they have set a new fashion in life-saving. Every day in England the papers report some fresh deed of scout gallantry or heroism, a deed to be traced back to the age-

old ideal of chivalry newly set up before Britain's boyhood. In the first four months of this year eighty-four medals were awarded to scouts for gallantry in saving life. * * *

"One is conscious also in England today of a new spirit of love for wild creatures, of pity for the helpless animals. All scouts are trained to be merciful to beasts of burden, to be prompt in interfering if a man is working a lame horse, to respect the sanctuaries of the birds in trees and hedge.

"Wherefore, in building their own characters, in learning self-respect, the scouts are slowly strangling that curse and that age-old menace of English liberty—the foul thing, servility. The boy becomes a man. What he is taught in his impressionable age he carries with him through life; and so we see in this Boy Scout movement the reflection of the knights of chivalry, we see him going about the world looking for the chance of helping others."

There are nine points in Scouts' Law, as follows:

1. A scout's honor is to be trusted. If he declares: "On my honor it is so," that settles it.
2. A scout is loyal. The obligation of loyalty embraces country and rulers, parents, employers, and scout masters.
3. A scout's duty is to be useful and to help others. He must try his best to do a good turn to somebody each day.
4. A scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs. He must eschew snobbery and cultivate democratic good fellowship.
5. A scout is courteous. He must, furthermore, take no reward for his courtesy; this means "no tips."
6. A scout is a friend to animals. He must not give pain to any creature unnecessarily.
7. A scout obeys orders. He must, too, render obedience without question; but after carrying out an order he may state reasons for objecting to it.
8. A scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances. The duty of cheerfulness is second only to that of obedience.
9. A scout is thrifty. He opens a savings bank account.

—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

"O Little Child! Lie Still and Sleep!"

"O little child! lie still and sleep!
Jesus is near,
Thou needst not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day or night;
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.
"O little child! be still and rest!
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps;
And in the morning wake so blest
His child to be;
Love every one, but love Him best
Who first loved thee."

—The Living Church.

The Daily Altar

An Aid to Private Devotion and Family Worship

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Theme for the Day—The Day of Rest.

Scripture—This is the rest, give ye rest to him that is weary, Isa. 28:12.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, Rev. 1:10.

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband, Rev. 21:2.

To rest from weary work one day of seven; One day to turn our backs upon the world, Its soil wash from us, and strive on to Heaven,—

Whereto we daily climb, but quick are hurried Down to the pit of human pride and sin. Help me, ye powers celestial! to come nigh; Ah, let me catch one little glimpse within The heavenly city, lest my spirit die.

—Richard Watson Gilder ("To Rest from Weary Work.")

Prayer—Holy Father, we praise Thee for this day of rest and of worship. Its memories are very precious to us. The great events in virtue of which our salvation has been made possible come to mind with freshness and inspiring power on this, Thy holy day. We bring our offerings of thankfulness to Thee. We enter Thy sanctuary with gratitude. May the worship of God and the fellowship of his people bring us to higher levels of holy living, and to a truer knowledge of that faith by which we are redeemed. We ask in Jesus name. Amen.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24.

Theme for the Day—The Holy Mother.

Scripture—And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Spirit and she lifted up her voice and said, Blessed art thou among women. Luke 1:41, 42.

And Simeon blessed them and said unto Mary his mother, Behold this child is set for the falling and the rising of many in Israel, and for a sign which is spoken against; yea and a sword shall pierce through thine own soul, that thoughts out of many hearts shall be revealed, Luke 2:34, 35.

The seven thorn'd briar and the palm seven-leaved

Are her great sorrow and her great reward.

Until the end be full the Holy One Abides without. She soon shall have achieved

Her perfect purity; yea God the Lord

Shall soon vouchsafe His Son to be her Son.

—D. G. Rossetti ("Mary's Girlhood.")

Prayer—Divine Father, We thank Thee for the human life of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the marvelous experience of motherhood which brought Jesus into our human life all womanhood is honored by the story of Mary. May her patient love, her yearning tenderness for the son whom she so much honored, and the sufferings through which she passed as he went onward from the manger to the cross, be the inspiration and comfort of all women whose lives are devoted to the ministries of the home, and whose sympathies go out to the sorrows of the world. We ask for Thy name's sake. Amen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Theme for the Day—The Crown of Thorns.

Scripture—And they platted a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, Matt. 27:29.

My sin was as a thorn
Among the thorns that girt Thy brow.

—Tennyson ("Supposed Confessions.")

Prayer—Our Father, the story of our Savior's suffering at the hands of his foes has touched our hearts with sympathy and sorrow. And yet we know that our sins are to him a fresh crown of thorns, and that our iniquities have nailed him anew to the cross. Help us, we pray Thee, to understand the cost of sin, and to seek to free our lives from the errors of flesh and spirit. May we not hesitate when to us there comes the summons to suffering and service. May we gain our place as children of God by fellowship with our Savior in the redemptive work of his life. We make this our prayer in his name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26.

Theme for the Day—Four Rivers from Eden.

Scripture—And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became four heads, Gen. 2:10.

And, now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm

And country, whereof here needs no account;
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise.

—John Milton ("Paradise Lost.")

Prayer—Father in heaven, Thou hast revealed Thyself to us in very gracious words and in acts of kindness past all our deserving. Thy mercies flow forth through the gardens of our lives like rivers of blessing. We rejoice in this fulness of Thy kindness to us, and we would seek to make the world in which we live more truly a place of good in which God may dwell. And may the stream of righteousness whose waves are the lives of holy men and women, move onward for the enrichment of the world like the river of God. Amen.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Theme for the Day—The Greatness of Christ.

Scripture—In whom we have our redemption, the forgiveness of our sins: who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation; for in him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through him, and unto him, Col. 1:14-16.

When thro' the mid complaint of my confession,

Then thro' the pang and passion of my prayer,

Leaps with a start the shock of his possession,

Thrills me and touches, and the Lord is there.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving

Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving

Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

—F. W. H. Myers ("Saint Paul.")

Prayer—Father of mercies, we are amazed at the glory of Christ as he is revealed in

the records of our faith and in the progress of the centuries. He has risen upon the world a sun of righteousness with healing in his beams. Like the apostle of old we look upon him only to fall down in adoration at his feet. Aid us, we beseech Thee, so to interpret him to our fellowmen by word and character that his message may spread to all the world, and that the nations may share in the life of holiness which he has revealed. We ask in his name and for his sake. Amen.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29.

Theme for the Day—The Universal Message.

Scripture—Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, Acts. 14:16, 17.

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God, John. 3:3.

Children of men! the unseen Power whose eye

For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That man did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can,

Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain,

Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:

Thou must be born again!

—Matthew Arnold ("Progress.")

Prayer—Our Father and our God, Thou hast made us in Thy image and our spirits seek everywhere Thy companionship. We bless Thee that Thou hast made Thyself known in some measure to every race. Most clearly hast Thou spoken through the holy prophets and in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. We hear his words of admonition to a new and holy life, and our hearts burn until his spirit be formed anew within us, and we become the children of God. Enrich us, we pray Thee, with Thy grace, and permit us at last the joy of Thy presence. We ask in our Savior's name. Amen.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29.

Theme for the Day—Bloom in the Desert: Light in the Gloom.

Scripture—The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, Isa. 35:1.

Until the day be cool and the shadows flee away, Song of Songs, 2:17.

And in the untraveled wilderness shall bloom
Life's perfect rose.

A heart divinely human through the gloom
Throbs like a guiding footstep, warm and glows,

Until the dark with day spring overflows,
And the bowed heart is crowned with blissful doom.

—Lucy Larcom ("Looking Forward.")

Prayer—Our Father, we thank Thee for life and health and all good things. Thou art the giver of them all. Every good and perfect gift is from Thee. Thou makest the wilderness beautiful with Thy presence, and Thou dost lighten the darkness with the clear shining of Thy face. Make straight paths for our feet, we beseech Thee, and lift up that which is fallen. Save us from evil thoughts and vain desires, and bring us at last in safety and in joy to the rest that remains for the people of God. We ask for Thy name's sake. Amen.



AT THE CHURCH



Sunday School Lesson

By Professor Willett

The Guest at Bethany*

Most of the events of this lesson seem to have occurred on Tuesday of Passion Week, and they are recorded in each of the three synoptic Gospels. The story of the feast at Bethany constitutes an exception which will be considered in its proper place.

Jesus had foreseen for months the fact that his work was nearing its completion. At any time he should present himself in the vicinity of Jerusalem, he was certain to be beset by the hostility of the rulers in church and state, and he could not hope to overcome the passionate prejudices that were already gathering momentum to crush him. He had, therefore, timed his arrival in Jerusalem for the very moment when the tragedy of his final testimony to the Father's purpose could be known by the greatest number of his countrymen. Probably this was the last thing the authorities desired. They would much prefer to have dealt with such a man at a less time than that of the great spring feast of the Passover. But Jesus gave them no choice. He determined the time and manner of his great sacrificial work.

Jesus' Warnings.

He did not leave the disciples without information regarding the approaching crisis. Perhaps the events of Palm Sunday had, in a measure, disillusioned them. They could hardly hold their political hopes for their enthronement and his in such a crude and bald form, as had been their custom before his great renunciation at the close of the triumphal entry. Yet they were still hoping for the best, and trusted that somehow the offices, which they eagerly coveted, were not to be wholly lost to them, whatever might happen. The warnings of Jesus were only half heard and never really believed by them.

The Consultation.

Meantime, the Scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, and other ecclesiastics and politicians of Jerusalem, incensed that they should be discredited by this man from Galilee in public discussions, this man who was listened to eagerly by crowds of citizens and Passover pilgrims from a distance—determined that they would silence him at all hazards. Probably the determination to put him to death was only gradually reached. Most of them would, no doubt, have been satisfied to intimidate Jesus by a show of force and secure his promise to cease the unwelcome utterances which had been so common of late.

They needed to consult these rulers, as to what was best to be done, and so they met at the palace of the reigning high priest, Joseph Caiaphas, the son-in-law of the old priest Hannan or Annas who had been deposed from his position by the Romans for grave irregularities. At this conference there was earnest discussion of the best means by which Jesus might be dealt with.

They felt the necessity of silencing him. Yet they knew his immense popularity, especially among the Galileans, and were not willing to run the risk of the public arrest and trial of so popular a teacher. They decided, therefore, that nothing could be done just at present, but that as soon as the multitude now assembled in the city had departed, they would take care to put an end to such inflammatory and seditious attacks upon their authority. Events were to hasten their purpose, however, far more than they imagined.

The Feast of Simon.

The incident of the anointing at Bethany probably took place at a much earlier time, somewhere near the period of Lazarus' resurrection, the preceding week. It is true that Matthew and Mark connect the event with the incidents of Tuesday of the final week, but Luke does not mention it in this relation, and in the fourth Gospel it stands in immediate connection with the events of the previous week. It is possible there may have been two such anointings at two different feasts in Bethany, but the common incidents of the complaint made regarding the expense involved in the purchase of the ointment seems to make it probable that it was one event.

Somewhere in that little town, there lived a man of consequence named Simon. He had been afflicted with leprosy, but had been healed, no doubt by our Lord, to whom in gratitude he gave a dinner and invited many of the townspeople. It was during the feast that a woman entered and poured precious ointment upon the head of Jesus from a beautiful jar of alabaster which she broke for the purpose. In the Gospel of John we are told that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, poured the spikenard ointment upon the feet of the Master. These minor variations only serve to make more vivid the general impression of the story.

The disciples, particularly Judas, as we learn from the fourth Gospel, thought it a foolish and sinful waste of money. It would have provided a large amount of small coins such as were distributed to beggars on the streets. But Jesus prized the action beyond words, and insisted that such a generous and uncalculating gift was to him more dear than they could understand. No one need have less for the poor who occasionally did a generous and devoted thing for a beloved teacher. He felt that the influence of this story would do good as long as the gospel message was told. He was not sure of having friends enough to prepare his body for burial, but such an act had almost become unnecessary now, since he was already honored by the gift of this precious perfume.

The Traitor.

When the Scribes and Pharisees had come away from their conference with the Sadducees and priests at the palace of Caiaphas, they had no idea that events were to shape themselves so favorable as the issue proved. The opportunity they sought was offered to them by one of those very men whom they would not have attempted to bribe, nor whose loyalty they would for a moment have sus-

pected. What then must have been their astonishment when Judas Iscariot came to offer them his help in securing the person of Jesus.

It must have been difficult for the early Christians to tell the story of the great denial without deep emotion and fierce indignation. There is a kind of singular restraint in the simple statement of the first two Gospels regarding this tragic downfall of one of the twelve. The third Gospel is less calm. Luke boldly says that Satan entered into Judas. It was difficult to account on any other hypothesis than that of mad submission to the spirit of evil for such a pathetic and pitiful loss of a good name and of honorable place in the most select circle of men the world has ever known.

Could Judas have calculated the outcome of his deed, would he have given it a second thought? Could he have known how his name would go down the centuries execrated and despised, would he have consented to put himself upon the tall pillory of the world's scorn? It is useless for us to speculate regarding his motive. Clearly he did not hate Jesus, or he would not have been so filled with remorse after the event. Was he angry at the delayed realization of their Messianic hope? Did he believe that Jesus was losing precious time and should manifest his power in some spectacular way? Did he really hope that by forcing the hand of his Master, by putting him in imminent danger of seizure and death, he could compel him to put forth that power which the twelve had so often seen him manifest in his mastery over nature and the spirits of men? We cannot tell. We only know that for the sordid and trivial price of a common slave in the markets, he sold his Master to the chief priests, and promised them that at some convenient time he would so arrange it that they could secure Jesus without danger of arousing popular feeling in his behalf. For such a moment the traitor and the plotters waited.

A DOG'S HEROIC ACT.

* In St. Louis there is a Saint Bernard dog named Goodon that has gained quite a reputation for his good sense. He is owned by Mr. Anam, a restaurant keeper, who declares that Goodon understands English and can tell when a quarrelsome customer ought to be put out of Anam's place of business. One night when a prowler came into the restaurant and tried to hold up the proprietor, Goodon realized that his master needed his assistance, and in a moment the faithful dog had the robber on a run. Goodon is a faithful watchdog and often patrols the street like a policeman. Several months ago Mr. Anam was returning from a marketing trip. Beside him trotted the canine, carrying a basket of edibles. At Jefferson Avenue and Olive Street a child about six years of age ran to the middle of the car tracks. At his back came a speeding Olive Street car. The motor-man was making an effort to bring the car to a standstill, but in vain. Goodon divined the situation, dropped his basket, and sprang toward the little girl. He literally picked the child from her feet by her clothing and jumped out of the way of the car. Then he set her down and walked to his basket. Picking it up, he walked home as if nothing unusual had happened.—Selected.

*International Sunday-school Lesson for October 30, 1910. The anointing of Jesus, Matt. 26:1-15. Golden Text "She hath done what she could," Mark 14:8. Memory Verse, 13.

Christian Endeavor Lesson

BY W. D. ENDRES

Topic Oct. 30: My Denomination at Work in Other Lands, Ps. 2:1-8.

The work of our denomination in other lands is about the same in kind as that of any denomination, less extensive than some, and more extensive than others. For thirty-five years, a period of time covering only about a third of the time of our denominational existence, we have been making an effort in a regular and systematic way, "to make Jesus, the Christ, known to all men everywhere." While we are slow to begin and although we have not done much comparatively, yet we are making great progress and the character of the work being done is of a high order.

During the thirty-five years of our organized work the Foreign Missionary Society, and the Christian Woman Board of Missions, the two organizations through which our foreign work is conducted, we have contributed approximately \$5,000,000. The value of property on the mission fields is worth nearly a million and a half of dollars, and last year these organizations gathered and expended more than a half million dollars for the extension of the kingdom among the heathen nations—the largest amount in the history of our work. Our Endeavor societies gave \$15,040 of this.

What is being accomplished with this money which is being gathered at the rate of more than \$1,500 per day? There are 1,080 American and English missionaries and native helpers doing service in nineteen different countries and islands. Those stations supported by the F. C. M. S. have a total membership of 11,053, of this number 1,172 were the net gain of last year, while the number of those who united with the church by baptism was 1,675. This society has 152 organized churches and has an increase of 4,700 in its membership in the last five years. The total amount of money raised last year on all the fields occupied by this society was

\$53,360, an increase of \$2,705, over the year before and more than doubles the administrative expenses of the society at home.

But the character of the work done is the most significant thing. The missionary seeks to save the man, the whole man—soul and body. They are taking the naked and clothing them, providing them with food when needed and teaching them how to keep their bodies clean in order that they may have a wholesome physical life. To this end medical dispensaries are maintained, hospitals are being erected and trained and skilled physicians are being kept there, and the wonders they are able to perform with their scientific equipment gives them an unparalleled opportunity to preach the gospel.

Day schools are also supported and children by the hundreds are being educated in the fundamentals of all knowledge. Colleges are also being maintained in which western training and civilization is brought before them. Science, literature, civics and economics etc., are all at their disposal. Of course, the Sunday-schools and the worship of God in the churches bring them into an intimate knowledge of the Bible and of God.

It would be difficult to over emphasize the significance of the wide range of the foreign missionary's program of activity. He had to overcome a tremendous prejudice in the beginning and since then he has been busy laying the foundations for a strong physical life. This in turn called for an intellectual training which the native land could not supply. All of this in a sense was a sort of a prerequisite to the realization of the religious purpose which prompted the missionary's first going. Along then with the fulfillment of the religious purpose he has laid the foundation a physical and an intellectual culture, for an equitable and just form of government,—indeed a whole new civilization. The missionary is not only a prophet, but an educator and statesman as well.

conscientious planning of time a minister can be faithful in both. Now and then in a metropolitan parish a man cannot do the parochial work, but ninety-nine times in every one hundred a minister can do both. No man on an average can spend with profit more than five or six hours a day in his study, very few men do that. Let him devote conscientiously from two to three hours a day for three or four days in the week to impartial parochial work, and he can with ease look after a parish of two hundred and fifty families. It only needs a little system, and the pastor's brain will be quickened, his heart made more tender and his health better and his spiritual life sweeter.

There is Time.

All this talk about "no time," in ninety-nine cases in every one hundred, is nonsense and indolence, not to say, lack of love to the people and want of consecration to Christ. Men say they dislike it, call it drudgery. The disliking has nothing to do with duty and real love never turns away from drudgery. These very men do call upon certain families. Notice an example or two: A cultured woman and a great admirer of her minister was telling what a hard student he was, and what a superior man and how frequently he ran into her house to talk over the latest books. When we remarked, "Your church must be very fortunate, he must be very popular." "Oh, no," she said. "He is not popular, the people do not like it because he makes almost no calls and it is hard to raise his salary and I presume he will soon leave." She confessed that he had been in the parish over two years and had not called upon one quarter of the families, which were only about seventy-five in number. Such a minister ought to leave. He is no shepherd of souls. There is no excuse for such neglect.

People Not Acquainted with Him.

A good deacon recently said, "our minister is a good man but the people are not acquainted with him. He does not like to call." I looked at the "year-book" and found there were thirty-six families in the parish, and he preached only one sermon a week. Such a man as that would starve as a mechanic. He has what is called constitutional weariness. He is not fit to have charge of a church. We recently commended a good preacher to a destitute church, but learned they did not call him because on looking up his record in his last parish of one hundred and thirty families, they found that in five years he had not called upon one-half of them and never called upon the aged and sick unless he was sent for. We do not blame the church for not calling him. The trouble with such men is coldness of heart, sluggishness of will, and lack of good common sense.

A Good Example.

How different from a pastor who within two years has taken a parish of over three hundred families and has already called upon the most of them three times and is a brilliant preacher, or how unlike another city minister who takes a high rank as a preacher but who calls at least twice a year upon a parish of two hundred and fifty families. Some of us have had parishes of from two to four hundred families and demanding two sermons a week, and we know that if a man plans his work, he can visit his families so that they will be acquainted with him. We do not see how a man who loves his people can help doing it. There needs to be more calling upon the seemingly less important people, upon the outsiders. To shake hands with such people at their homes, makes better sermons, better prayers and gives more influence. A minister who would have friends must show himself friendly. He should be a brother to all the people. Every family in a town which does not belong to some other parish, belongs to your parish.

The Pastor—His Division Between Pulpit and Parish

BY SMITH BAKER, D. D.

While the majority of ministers are conscientious, faithful, hard working men, still there is no other profession which has a stronger temptation to a lazy man, and there are some who accept the opportunity. Some men are lazy in the study and stupid in the pulpit, and others are lazy pastors. One of the greatest needs in all our communities at the present time, both in the country and city, is ministers who are pastors, men who are religious shepherds, who know and visit the people at their homes. A superior and eloquent preacher may neglect the pastoral side and seem to succeed, but such men generally have an assistant who more or less supplements their work. The men so great as preachers that they can neglect the pastoral work are not more than one in two or three thousand. The most of those who neglect the people's homes, thinking to make up for it in the pulpit, weaken their congregations, lose their spiritual influence and are only professional preachers. On the other hand the majority of the strong preachers are also active pastors.

Unreasonable Demands.

We have had too long an experience in the ministry, not to know how unreasonable some churches are in their demands upon

the minister's time. We know some people seem to think the pastor is a gentleman at large, with nothing to do but run around in society. The best pastor will sometimes be found fault with, and the most faithful pastor will sometimes overlook some people, and hence we take no stock in the wholesale criticisms that ministers do not call. We know also how strong a temptation a minister's study and books are in keeping him from pastoral work. But where there is a great deal of smoke there must be some fire, and the constant complaints which come from the best people in the church, as well as from outsiders are an indication that at least one third of our ministers are negligent as pastors.

Should Do Both.

It is a minister's business not only to preach but to look after his people—to seek them out, to be as far as possible the personal friend of each one. We do not apologise for men who neglect their study and do nothing but run around among the people, and give only prayer-meeting talks from the pulpit. The minister is to look out first of all for his pulpit. The two departments of the minister's life do not conflict but supplement and help each other. With a right and

The Living Present

By B. F. Dailey.

The chief product of our times is an increased sense of the value of life. The battle is on against disease and darkness. Asylum for the unfortunate, relief for the suffering, the quickening of morals, the diffusion of knowledge, the uncovering of rottenness in government, the grappling with the hosts of intemperance, a call for world wide peace, the ever onward mission of the world's best religion, these are the fair flowers that bloom in the early sunrise of the twentieth century. Through the fabric of an age of materialism and selfishness runs the golden thread of altruism which is simply man's faith in man.

It is the hour of awakening. From the long sleep of indifference the living present arouses itself to put things right. It is dissatisfied with discomfort and deceit. It questions authority. It asks for facts. It demands a reason. It is impatient of restraint. It must strike out for itself. The living age is a chrysalis, emerging from old limitations to take the wings of the morning.

This unfolding is not done once and for all, but is a perpetual process. Its beauty is its ceaseless repetition. In knowledge we commiserate the past, but when tomorrow has become today the storehouse of knowledge will open to him who knocks. Without such ever broadening of vision there would be no living present.

Too often it is with misgivings or alarm that men view an approaching crisis. But why so? Is not the bursting of the cloud the promise of the harvest? We are always passing through a crisis. If not, we ought to be. The present is what it is because of upheavals in the past. Crises in government mark the progress of civil liberty and a few more are needed to put things right. Crises in the church have given us the gilded pages in her history. And whenever the church fails to adjust itself to the demands of living truth, the gates of hell will prevail against it.

The self-satisfied, opinionated individual, impervious to new ideas and cock-sure beyond a doubt, needs the shaking up afforded by an intellectual or maybe moral crisis of the first magnitude. The stereotyped, ablativ absolute, pluperfect fellow needs the benefit of a modifying subjunctive and a predicate capable of a future tense.

The handicap of progress is tradition. The Chinese worship ancestors and use plows three thousand years old. And the man who lives in the past will wall himself in and meet the living truth with the cry of "foreign devil." We belie the great names of history when we attempt to checkmate the present with the past, for the one thing that made them great was their breaking up of established thought and custom, and if Lincoln and Luther were here today their hero-worshippers would be faced about to the problems of the living present.

WILLIE WOULD BE SATISFIED.

"Willie Johnson," said the teacher, "If you had five doughnuts and your mother were to give you four more, how many would you have?"

Willie twisted the corners of his jacket, moved his lips, and tried to think, but he couldn't.

"Don't count 'em up," said the teacher; "tell me right off."

"I should have—a—a—a"

"Well, how many?"

"Huh—I sh'd have 'nough, I guess?" said Willie, grinning broadly.

The Birth of a Friendship

They had known each other for only a few brief days, but from the very first they were moved to question with each other concerning some of the deep things of life. They knew something of the good and glory of existence and they surmised vastly more than they knew. They knew, too, something of the pain and the sorrow—the burden of disappointed dreams and the weight of narrowing carking care. The morning was past for each of them and they had travelled some little distance toward the noon. Yet in their hearts they believed in new dawns, for faith was theirs and intelligence and appetite uncloyed by the acceptance of common fare in lieu of the best their spirits knew. They thirsted for deeper draughts from the cup of life, and there came to each of them the wish that they might help each other onward into larger, richer spheres of being. Without sentimentality or double words they spoke freely and directly to one another. In obedience to some unknown pulse of life they put sudden faith each in the other and made the magnificent venture without which no true or noble friendship was ever born. Without deliberation, without intention they lifted anchor and were away upon a voyage of discovery together.

And what were the chances of wind and weather? Was their vessel sea-worthy? How far would they sail and what would they discover? All would depend upon the texture of these two souls and upon the sureness with which, in their brief initial contact, each had apprehended the true quality of the other. If they were small and commonplace folk or if they had missed each other by a hair's breadth in the darkness of inadequate expression their voyage would be brief and wholly profitless. But if they were great and if they had essentially experienced each the other from the first, they would sail far seaward and find rare adventure 'mid the Isles of Light. Though in their spiritual companionship the material instruments of communication might be denied, they would gather no false meanings from uncertain and impalpable symbols. Perfect trust would cast out error and fear.

This friendship, too, began with a generous disagreement on this wise. Said one, "the terms of our friendship must be very unequal. I must be the receiver of all the benefits. I have almost nothing to give in exchange. The years have brought me burdens and have deprived me of all opportunities for growth in the things of the larger, fuller life. Narrow walls of circumstance shut me in my little sphere and I may not know and do the things I would. I know the enchanted land is there but I may do little more than glimpse its beauties. But you, my friend, are privileged to live there and explore at will. Send me report of what you find and it shall be food for my soul. Though I walk the low ground of the commonplace and grind at the mill of Duty, I will 'lift up mine eyes unto the hills and bring help from thither' even though I may not climb to higher ground.

But the other replied, "O, my friend, I could have so much compassion for you if your personality did not so engage me with admiration and appreciation. I would feel vain over your valuation of my poor attainments did I not know how slight they are and were I not so filled with regret and shame because of the contrast between what I seek and what I realize in my own nature and life. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. Were my mental and spiritual wealth tenfold greater it would be joy to me to minister all possible good and gain to you. But if I am to be your friend you must take me in my poverty and be prepared to give even more than you receive. We have come over different roads and we bring different treas-

ures of experience to this blessed spot where our paths have met. Why do we pause and take note, each of the other, at all? Because what we were made in the secret places of Nature's creative chambers and what the years have made us through circumstance co-operant with our wills that we are, today; and such as we are we challenge each the other. By some law of life we may not fathom, the deeps of our natures call unto each other. Let there be no thought of one giving all, the other receiving all. The high commerce of the spirit is based in no such inequity. The reason it is more blessed to give than to receive is that one gets more by giving than by getting. I challenge you my friend to this high and holy competition that we may prove which can make the other greatest and most blessed. Will you play the delightful game with me?"

Said the first, "I would like to play if you will teach me how." Said the other, "We will teach each other, for the rules of this particular game have not been discovered or formulated. We are to be the sole inventors and patentees. No one will care or be able to infringe our patent either, for no one save only we two will know its value. No one could purchase for only we two have the price. Only we are we."

CHARLES MANFORD SHARPE.

Columbia, Mo.

Statistics just completed show positively that the same Fourth has accomplished results. It has reduced the number of casualties for the day to a lower point than at any time since official figures have been gathered on the subject. A total of 131 deaths and injury of 2,792 others is the official total, according to the Journal of the American Medical association's bulletin, which was made public last week. Sixty-seven of these deaths were due to tetanus (lockjaw) following the injury, while sixty-four deaths were the direct result of the injuries. Of the latter, nineteen were killed outright by firearms, eleven by explosions of powder, bombs, or torpedoes, six by cannon and other causes, while twenty-six persons, mostly little girls, were burned to death by fire from fireworks. The decrease from 466 deaths in 1903 to 131 in 1910 is due to more intelligent methods of celebration, the most marked decrease taking place in states where the agitation for restrictive measures was strongest. Massachusetts had this year only one-seventh of the injuries it had last year; Missouri, New Jersey and New York reduced their injuries to one-third; Illinois and Ohio to one-half; Pennsylvania reduced its injuries to two-thirds of last year's. The Journal expresses pleasure over the reduced number of deaths and injuries, the smallest since it first began its crusade for a change in the plan of celebrating the birthday of the nation.

The report of Inspector General Garlington, just made public, points out many weaknesses in the United States Army that should be immediately attended to. People who think the United States army stands at the top of the profession would be rudely jarred to learn from Inspector General Bell that the field army is wholly unprepared for field service. Our transportation, he says, is the same as at the beginning of the civil war, for our army has so far failed to make use of automobiles, traction engines and other modern appliances in the field. To remedy these conditions, Major General Wood, chief of staff, has issued orders which will change materially the training of the army. All inspectors general will be required to submit the troops to an annual inspection in the field.

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EDITORS

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON.

HERBERT L. WILLETT.

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

SILAS JONES, Prayer Meeting.

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Church Life

Mrs. M. W. Mason has been conducting a meeting at Barry, Mo.

Z. T. Sweeney dedicated the handsome new church at Ottumwa, Iowa, on October 9.

One of the progressive Sunday-schools of Kansas as that of Lyons, the enrollment coming near the 300 mark.

At the rally day services, Mackinaw, Ill., the attendance was 400. J. W. Street is the minister.

A reception was given recently to the students of the various schools at Lincoln, Neb., at First Church.

The Colorado State Convention was held October 18-20, at Rocky Ford. A. L. Ward, of First Church, Boulder, presiding.

W. D. Deweese, of the Illinois Christian Missionary Society and H. M. Barnett, are in a good meeting at Hudson, Ill.

J. Ray Fife is the newly appointed pastor of Central Church, Marion, Ind., coming there from Toledo, Ohio.

Central Church, Columbus, Ind., is conducting an auction sale, to raise money for their church indebtedness.

A banquet under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, was given recently at our church at Warren, Ind.

The attendance of the Sunday-school at Farmersburg, Ind., rose from an average of 125 to 308 at a recent rally day service.

W. S. Lockhart has closed his work at

Fayetteville, Ark., and taken the pastorate at Central Church, Houston, Tex.

A series of meetings held at Washburn, Ill., has just closed. There were a number of additions to the membership.

Charles E. Evans is in meeting at Third Church, Danville, Ill. This church maintains a good orchestra, which is assisting in the services.

The Sunday-school at Valparaiso, Ind., has reached an attendance of 600, and the officers and teachers hope for an enrollment of 700 by November 1.

The corner-stone of the new church at Centralia, Mo., was laid October 2. The building which is to cost \$25,000 will be completed before January 1.

The Sunday-school of Steubenville, Ohio, has an attendance of nearly 700 which they are endeavoring to bring up to the thousand mark in a contest with Alliance, Ohio.

Jackson Street Church, Muncie, Ind., is planning for an evangelistic meeting in the future to be conducted by R. H. Crossfield, of Transylvania University.

Several messages have been received by the church at Liberty, Mo., from Dr. Paul Wakefield and family, who are on the way to the mission field at Chao Hsien.

J. F. Findley, of Indianapolis, who has recently returned from a trip abroad gave a talk on "The Passion Play" to the students of Butler College, recently.

Charles A. Lockhart, who has been in a successful meeting at Mt. Sterling, Md., assisted at the dedicatory services at the new church at Atlas, Ill., recently.

J. P. Pinkerton, for seven years pastor at Plattsburg, Mo., has resigned his charge. This church has been in a meeting under the leadership of Robert G. Frank, of Liberty, Mo.

First Church, Portland, Ore., is planning to remodel their edifice at a cost of \$5,000. A campaign to secure the necessary funds is being carried on by the Men's Brotherhood.

A healthy financial condition is shown by the treasurer's report of the Sunday-school of First Church, Lincoln, Neb., their receipts having been more than eleven hundred dollars.

The Sunday-school and church at Lexington, Mo., are having a period of unusual growth under the pastorate of R. B. Briney. Their Sunday-school enrollment is nearing the 300 mark.

J. H. Gilliland, formerly of Centennial Church, Bloomington, is in a meeting at Second Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. A general evangelistic campaign is being conducted in all the churches of the city.

H. M. Gillmore, of the Council Grove, Kans., church preached a sermon recently on the violation of law in that town, touching on the moral responsibility of the city officials in the matter.

The Boulder, Colo., Christian Endeavor Society is helping Miss Anna Meyer who has gone from them to the Moody Institute School, Chicago. She is preparing herself to do city work, especially in the slums.

E. M. Smith, of First Church, Decatur, Ill., has as his assistant in pastoral work, Mrs. Cook, formerly of Tower Grove, Ill. A series of meetings will begin October 20, led by W. H. Boles, of Marion, Ill., and Guy Sutton, singer.

R. O. Wickham, formerly of Rolling Prairie, Ind., has been named as the new

pastor of Indiana Avenue Church, South Bend, to take the place of C. C. Buckner who has accepted the pastorate of Irving Park Church, Chicago.

The project of the newly organized church at Tolleston, Ind., to build an edifice in one day was carried to completion on Saturday, October 8, when a building was erected in five hours. Services are now being held in it by the pastor, Mrs. Martha Trimble.

J. M. Van Horn preached recently at Miners Grove, Ohio, a church which he founded forty years ago. One of his first converts is still a member of the congregation and presided at the communion service on that occasion.

S. E. Fisher, of University Place Church, writes that in their Bible study and teacher training courses, the enrollment of university students is larger than ever before. Among the courses of study is one on the International Lessons.

A mass meeting of all the churches of Denver, Colo., was held at Central Church, October 9, to consider the plan of organization and co-operation which has been adopted by the ministers, and which will be recommended to the churches.

The Bible study classes of First Church, Beatrice, Neb., have opened for the winter season. These classes have been conducted for the past four years, and the courses of mission study have covered the fields and forces in nearly every country of the world. The pastor, J. E. Davis, has the work in charge.

G. B. Baird, writing from Luchowfu, China, says, "We held our quarterly conference of Chinese helpers of Luchowfu district in September. We had some very helpful talks and discussed plans for both old and new work. The general topic was 'Evangelistic Work in the Hospital.' This is a great and promising field."

Boulder, Colo., Sunday-school leads the state. When A. L. Ward became minister of the First Church, Boulder, three years ago, there were 127 in the Sunday-school. On Sunday, October 2, there were 627. The offering was \$80 to be given to the Colorado Orphans Home at Denver. This school has not fallen below 300 in the past three months.

A "leadership movement" banquet was given at Central Church, Terre Haute, Ind., October 5. The purpose of the movement is to acquaint the members with church finance and general church work, and as superiority is developed, members better equipped will be appointed on committees as heads and teachers of Sunday-school classes. The meeting was addressed by S. S. Lapin of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At his first service as pastor of Centennial Church, Bloomington, Ill., Milo Atkinson, chose as his subject "The Successful Church." He spoke at length on the growing optimism of the work of the church, the most hopeful sign of which is the dying out of religious prejudice, and the growing spirit of fraternity which is drawing men together in the demonstration of the truth which Jesus taught and lived.

The church at Lawton, Okla., is making gains in every department under the leadership of O. R. Spicer. Ninety-four have been added to the membership at the regular services in the past eight months. The Sunday-school had over 300 present at their rally day service. A new parsonage has been built, and the church building remodeled. These outward signs all manifest an increased activity in the spiritual life of its members.

S. W. Jackson began a meeting at Kelso, Wash., October 2. The church there is at present without a pastor.

John L. Brandt, recently called to the pastorate of West Side Church, San Francisco, has decided to remain in St. Louis.

Charles A. Young is occupying the pulpit of First Church, San Francisco, at present, and is greeted by large audiences.

Randolph Cook, formerly financial secretary of Oklahoma Christian University, has accepted the pastorate at Trinidad, Colo.

O. W. Livingstone, minister of the church at Kankakee, Ill., recently began his work in that growing city under favorable conditions.

The congregation at Freeport, Ill., which has held its meetings in Masonic Temple for several years, decided at a recent meeting to erect a church building.

A large tabernacle with a seating capacity of 3,500 is being erected in Oklahoma City, Okla., in which Charles Reign Scoville will conduct a series of meetings during the coming month.

Lenox Avenue Church, New York, gives a personal touch to its weekly announcement of services in an autograph letter under the caption of "News Service." William Bayard Craig is minister of this congregation.

The church at Pendleton, Ore., has called J. W. Vandewalker, formerly of Mento, Kans. He has accepted and is now on the field. This is one of the good churches in Oregon and the outlook is very encouraging.

H. C. Bobbitt is conducting a meeting at Columbus, Ga., under the auspices of Central Church. The meetings are held in Chase Conservatory auditorium in order that the audiences be accommodated. Mrs. Bobbitt has charge of the singing.

Second Church, Terre Haute, Ind., is in a promising meeting under the leadership of the minister, Geo. J. Ruth, assisted by Charles E. McVay, soloist. Mr. McVay has organized two efficient choruses, which are a great aid to the musical part of the services.

The English School for Russians, New York, has begun its third year, starting with three classes. This school is under the direction of the Disciples Missionary Union of New York and is located at 63 East Second street. Students are taught to speak, read and write the English language.

An evangelistic meeting began October 9, in Second Church, Bloomington, to continue for several weeks. S. H. Zandt, the pastor, is in general charge of the services and is assisted in the singing by H. A. Browning of Queen City, Mo.

Twenty-one years of continuous service as organist is the record of Mrs. B. H. Grayston, of Central Church, Huntington, Ind. Since she has refused to accept pay for her services, the congregation recently presented her with a purse containing a considerable sum, recently, as an expression of appreciation.

W. H. Waggoner gave a week of instruction in missionary and Bible study recently, at First Church, Danville, Ill. While given under the auspices of this congregation, it was intended to be undenominational in character, and all other churches were invited to participate in order to make the work as much of a union affair as possible.

The congregation of Third Church, Indianapolis, Harry G. Hill, minister, will occupy their new building on Broadway, November 6.

This edifice when completed will represent an outlay of \$85,000 and is splendidly equipped for institutional work. Several features of this work are already carried on, and the growing demand for this service has led to the erection of the larger building.

Arthur Braden, who was compelled to resign the presidency of Keuka College on account of ill health, is now located at New Castle, Pa. Several months rest has restored Mr. Braden to his usual health, and he will do evangelistic work temporarily while deciding on a pastorate. He begins a meeting on October 30, at Tabernacle Church, North Tonawanda, N. Y., of which G. H. Steed is pastor.

At the annual rally day service of First Church, Mexico, Mo., Congressman Champ Clark occupied the pulpit in the place of W. A. Shullenberger, the newly-installed pastor. Mr. Clark spoke on the subject, "The World is Getting Bigger," in connection with the parable of the good Samaritan, and decried the spirit of those who claim that the world is growing worse, pointing out the many just causes for optimism in the progress of the world in every line of endeavor.

A. L. Ward, who is teaching a Bible class in the University of Colorado, reports the largest number of students who are Disciples, that have ever been in the university. There is an effort being made to found a Union Theological Seminary at Boulder, in connection with the state university. Mr. Ward has been appointed by the ministerial union of the city to confer with President Baker of the university. Doctor Baker is very much interested in this work having attempted such a work as early as 1892.

S. M. Perkins, of Davenport, Iowa, according to certain press reports, has come to believe that churches do not advertise enough. Recently, as an experiment, he visited a number of houses in different localities, inquiring the location of First Church of which he is pastor. The answers were for the most part ambiguous, some having never heard of it. As a result the numbers of his congregation have planned a systematic campaign of advertising for the coming season. Mr. Perkins occupied the pulpit at one of the Presbyterian churches in Topeka, Kans., during the recent convention.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Breeden, with the Lintts, recently held a short meeting in Missoula, Mont., where W. H. Bagby ministers. Despite the short time of preparation, the meeting was an uplifting one. In addition to the gain in membership, the church for the first time in its history is free from indebtedness, \$2,700 having been subscribed. These evangelistic workers have been invited to return next year for a meeting and at a congregational meeting it was decided to begin at once to get ready for this meeting, by entering heartily into the support of the regular services in the interim.

W. S. Johnson, the newly appointed pastor of Waterloo, Iowa, was given a reception on his installation, being extended a welcome by the members of the ministerial association. This growing cordiality among the ministers in a community, fostered by the growth of ministerial alliances, is doing much to destroy the doctrinal prejudices of past generations, and is a sign gladly welcomed by every friend of Christian union. There is no gainsaying that the truths that are essential to our highest development must ever be unifying, and not divisive forces, and so the Christ ideal must take the place of dogmatic utterance.

Is the Ministry Losing Popular Respect?

One of the very apparent contrasts between the church life of Great Britain and the United States is the difference in the popular attitude toward the minister. There the ministry is respected for the sake of the office over and above the merit of the minister as a man. Here the man counts everything. Dr. J. H. Shakespeare, the London Baptist leader, in a recent comment on this contrast, frankly criticized the American ministry for its "hale fellow well met" character and suggested that the white tie and frock coat of the English minister was to be preferred to the business man's dress affected by the American preacher. Now comes Dr. J. S. Wrightnour, writing in *The Baptist Commonwealth* and saying that the lack of reverence given the minister in this country is due to the unbecoming deportment of the minister. He rehearse several illustrations, among them the following:

"I have known, during sessions of associations, or other gatherings of that character, such a buzz of laughter and small talk among the ministers in the vestibules as seriously to disturb the religious services in progress in the adjoining room, which the gossipers should, indeed, be attending. I have known ministers in the pulpit during public worship to be whispering together, or a pastor in a prayer meeting hunting a hymn during a prayer by some other brother, or moving about from place to place, or sitting, with head bowed, indeed, but with eyes wide open and thoughts evidently elsewhere. Yet the people are expected to be reverent and silent. I have known ministers so 'genial' as to divest themselves of nearly all dignity in their relations with the people, perhaps seeking to win them by being so. I have even known some such very popular fellows to retail slightly off-color stories in some smoking-room (with deep shame I say it) and to be familiarly known everywhere by their first names. I knew of one who was known far and near only (let us say) as 'Fitz'—his name (let us say) 'Fitzpatrick.' All this at the cost of a certain sacrifice of the true influence of the sacred office. Not only is influence to be considered, but right influence; and something better than influence—power, sacred power. Many years ago, Jacob Knapp, who, in his day, was instrumental in the conversion of many thousands, was a guest at the home of one who was afterward a member of my congregation. From her I learned that he was always genial and friendly, but he went from his room (where, for sometimes half a day, he insisted on being undisturbed) to the pulpit very much as Moses came down from the mount after he had talked with God. In another house in the same congregation, many years after the days of Knapp, two alleged evangelists, working together, were guests. Before and after 'pleading for souls' with tears more or less real, in the meeting, they made a practice of spending several hours in their room amid tobacco-smoke, telling all sorts of stories, with peals of laughter. Is it any wonder that 'converts' oftentimes know little of the real power of the gospel, and as for reverence for the ministry, they have it not?"

THE MAKE-BELIEVES.

Make-believe houses are nicest;
Make-believe stories are best;
Make-believe rides last the longest,
Make-believe folk are all dressed
In make-believe garb of the finest;
Make-believe boys never tease;
Make-believe girls are politest;
And make-believe children say "please!"
—St. Nicholas.

Fear the Betrayer

By Rebecca Smylie

It is said that a general at the battle of San Juan Hill noticed a volunteer, a mere boy, panic-stricken under the rain of Mauser bullets and the thunder of Spanish artillery. The officer dismounted, spoke encouraging words to the young recruit, directed his aim again and again, and commended his returning steadiness, until the man in him awoke and the boy found himself a soldier.

Fear may make a coward of a soldier or a liar of a child. Fear and subterfuge are running mates, and often the terrified child, overtaken in a fault, is betrayed into the hands of deceit. The encouragement to find his best self is not given, he is overwhelmed at his weakest moment by wrathful accusation, and, with no time to collect his small fortitude, no word to help rally his courage, no hand steadying his aim, to avert the storm, he lies.

A boy of six, sensitive, naturally truthful, and with a sincere desire to do the right, had great fear of his father's anger. One day, in getting a little flag from a mantel, he overturned and broke a picture frame. Before he could tell his trouble to any sympathetic ear his father came, and he joined the other children with his burden unshared. The father soon found the shattered glass on the hearth, and with a retributive air proceeded to determine the culprit. Each child gave a frightened denial, and, pained as well as angry, the father sought his wife's room. One of the children had told a lie; he meant to discover which one and inflict severe punishment, or else he would punish all.

"I think the one who did it will tell at bedtime," she said. "Let us leave it till then."

Dinner was a dreary meal, and the subdued quartet were ready for bed early,—all but Jamie. He begged for a few minutes more, and then a few more, even after the others were tucked away, until, the nurse gone, the mother said, "Now, dear, hadn't we better have it over?"

Suddenly the fountains of his soul were broken up: "Oh mama, I can't go to bed till I say my prayers, and I can't pray till I've told you. I broke the frame, and I told papa a lie."

"Dear, I knew, but I wanted you to tell me."

"I started to tell you right away, but papa came, and—I was so afraid, he seemed so cross."

"And then you told the lie."

"I was afraid. Oh, why do I get so scared?"

"You will be braver next time, I feel sure. Are you sorry, dear?"

"So sorry. Can you love me any more, mama?"

"Dearly. But I'm sorry, too, for the lie. I hope you won't tell another."

"I don't believe I will. I think I'll get braver,—don't you? What must I do about papa?"

"Tell him yourself in the morning."

"He'll whip me,"—in a frightened whisper.

"Well, then, be a brave boy and bear it. We are bound to pay in some way for misdoing, and the highest price we ever pay is for a lie. Do you know what I mean?"

"I think I do. But mama, I believe I love you so much because I want to tell you things, even when I'm naughty."

Love casteth out fear,—yes, and remember that is reversible.—The Sunday-school Times.

Almost a year, counting a working year as 300 days, has been wasted by the Chicago building trades unions in jurisdictional and sympathetic strikes in the construction of the new Northwestern railroad station and the new city hall. In that time nearly \$400,-

000 was lost in wages. The combined loss of time on both buildings is 270 days. To this will be added probably several weeks more by reason of the present jurisdictional trouble at the Northwestern depot. The strikers who quit recently make ten trades and a total of 400 men now on strike. There is no question of wages at stake. All this expensive delay is caused in the latest instance by a row between the members of the roofers' union and the building laborers. The labor world will like the "house divided against itself," fall, unless the internal dissensions that are continually in progress cease ere long.

One of the first questions with which the approaching session of Congress will be called upon to grapple will be to determine when the next apportionment of members of the House of Representatives under the recent census shall be made. The Constitution requires that a reapportionment shall follow each decennial enumeration of the people, and accordingly a redistribution of seats in the House membership has taken place hitherto soon after the conclusion of each census. Before the time for the meeting of Congress the result of the November elections will have become known. If the Democrats should come into control of the House for the Sixty-third Congress they would naturally resist any effort to have the change made by the

present Republican Congress, while the Republicans would be as anxious to have the service performed while they were in control of legislation in both houses.

It evidently costs something to run for the governorship of a state as well as for the United States Senate. Governor-elect, Hoke Smith, of Georgia, spent a total of \$17,596.10 incident to the recent primary election, of which he paid \$10,489.63 out of his own pocket. The rest was contributed by friends. Governor Joseph M. Brown spent in the same campaign, \$3,950.75, of which he paid \$3,300.75 out of his own pocket, the balance being contributed by members of his family. The salary of the governor is only \$5,000 a year; hence the governor-elect paid out of his own pocket incident to his campaign \$489.63 more than he will receive as salary from the state during the two years he will be in office. The good things of life come high.

The strike of 44,000 coal miners in Illinois, which was settled recently, it is estimated cost the miners \$12,000,000 in wages. The loss to the operators during the five months' shut down is placed at \$15,000,000. The annual production of coal in Illinois amounts to 50,000,000 tons and the shortage this year due to the strike will be in the neighborhood of 20,000,000 tons.

Moisture Will Spoil Ordinary Soda Crackers

NO matter how good the ingredients or how careful the baking, once expose soda crackers to the slightest dampness of air and they lose their taste and much of their food value.

That's why bulk crackers kept in barrels, boxes and cans get tasteless and tough and hard to swallow. They absorb moisture, and they also gather dust, germs and store odors. What a pity that this most nutritious of flour foods is so contaminated!

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Christian Citizenship

A Sermon

BY G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

III.—The Building of the City.

"The city which hath the foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."—Hebrews 11:10.

This is now the third Sunday evening that we have turned to the subject of Christian citizenship.

Speaking on the first evening from the words occurring in this same letter, "We have not here an abiding city," we considered the reason why men of faith have always had to make that affirmation; and have to make it still. The cities of men are cities in which the principle of selfishness is the master principle; and the law of life is that of the survival of the strongest; and the character of the citizens is to a large extent that of sordidness. The pilgrims of faith are those who have entered into life by self-death; who believe not only in the survival of the fittest—in that—but also in the possibility of the salvation of the most unfit; and whose law of life is that of sacrifice. Therefore such can find no abiding city in the world.

We then considered the true attitude of the pilgrims of faith toward the cities of men. While it is true that "we have not here an abiding city," this also ought to be true concerning us. "We seek after the city which is to come"; not by gazing at the stars and waiting for the coming of a city; not by seclusion from the ordinary and everyday life of these cities of men; but by first seeing the vision of the ultimate purpose of God, and then by the response of life to all that visions means, the realization within the individual experience of the principles of the Divine Kingdom; and finally by earnest, actual, persistent effort in harmony with these things.

Chaos of the Present City.

Now all this has seemed to be most excellent; but we are constrained to say: "What of the chaos and misery in the midst of which we live? What of the sad habit of the Christian Church of withdrawing itself from the great centers of the life of the city? Or, what—and this is perhaps the question which overwhelms us most often—What after all can be the value of our small contribution toward the building of the city of God and the bringing in of His Kingdom?"

The answer to all these suggestions is contained within the compass of our text, "The city which hath the foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God!" We shall surely be depressed and overwhelmed unless we learn the lesson which is crystallized into this declaration of the writer of this letter, that the Builder and Maker of the city is God.

The City Not in Heaven.

Let us glance at "The city which hath the foundations," as it was revealed to the Seer of the Galilean Lake in the Isle of Patmos.

The city according to the story of that book is not heaven. Neither is the city to be built in the millennium, but beyond it. I am particularly anxious not to enter into controversy with your mental convictions. The writer may have been mistaken. I am only reminding you of what he wrote. There are no detailed pictures of the millennium in this book. There are descriptions of events, full of awe and sublime majesty and terrible judgment, which usher in the millennial reign; but the millennium itself is dismissed in this book in three or four verses

in the chapter preceding that in which we have the story of the city. At the close of the millenium John says that the devil will be loosed again after having been chained for a thousand years. Another period of swift judgment will then fall upon the earth; after which the great white throne and final assize, full of awful majesty.

Beyond all that, as to order, will come the city of God. This city will not be built immediately. The ultimate victory is postponed; not that God has abandoned His work, He is the Architect, the Framér, and He is building, but the victory is not yet. I shall be able to do my day's work better, however, if I can see something of the ultimate victory.

Theocracy and Democracy.

Every city, according to these Eastern figures, had a burgess roll, and this city has its burgess roll. A burgess is one who inhabits a walled town, having a tenement there which is his own property. The burgesses of this city are those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life. The defiled of every class, such as work abominations and make a lie are excluded.

The vision of this city is that of the great Theocracy which is the true democracy. It is the vision of the true democracy which is the great Theocracy. All is of heaven; the ideal, the process, the realization. It is a city which comes out of heaven. The plan of it was not born in the brain of any man. It is a city entirely of the earth; the material is of the earth, gathered from the earth, returning to the earth. It is the city which Abraham saw but never reached. It is the city toward which all the pilgrims of faith have been looking, and in the building of which they have been co-operating with God by faith, but none of them has reached it.

"These all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise." They saw the city, but they have not yet entered it. The goal toward which they ran was not their crowning in heaven, but God's crowning on earth. The city which they saw was not in a land beyond, this to which they hoped to go; but this whole earth, governed by God, from a central city, the metropolis in which God is King, and which, therefore, is the Theocracy, the people constituting the instrument through which in every age he makes known his will. It is therefore the final and ultimate Theocracy. All attempts to realize the democracy apart from God will issue in the most disastrous failure, and every attempt to preach the Theocracy which forgets the democracy, will issue in failure equally disastrous.

God the Framér.

Of this city the Architect and Framér is God. The whole plan is in the mind of God. What that is no man can see finally, perfectly. Some vision has been revealed ever and anon to men of vision, and in the vision they have seen something of the glory. Abraham saw it; Moses saw it; Isaiah saw it; Luther saw the city of God; Cromwell saw the city of God; Mazzini saw the city of God; William Booth has seen the City of God. To take that latest illustration, what drove General Booth into that method which some people, who are near-sighted, criticise—the method connected with the social endeavor? What made him want to care for the flotsam and jetsam of this great city of London

and all the cities? What put into his heart the passionate discontent with unholy conditions of life? His vision of the city of God. All the discontent that is constructive is born of a great content with the ultimate purpose of God. To have seen this vision of the city is to be for ever restless in every other city, and so "We have not here an abiding city, but we seek after the city which is to come." The inspiring vision which has created the pilgrims and warriors and builders of faith has been the vision of the city which is in the plan of God.

Superscription On the Cross.

The superscription, "King of the Jews," was written on the Cross in three languages, the Roman, the Hebrew and the Greek. There is profound significance in the writing of that superscription in the three great languages of the hour, the languages of the three peoples most powerful in the affairs of men. Hebrew was the language of spiritual religion. Greek was the language of intellectual strength. Latin was the language of imperial empire.

God was building by all those great world powers. God was at work in the midst of the Hebrew religion, in the midst of Greek culture, and at the heart of Roman power. Through all these, there were operative in the world, forces making possible the mission and mastery of Christ. Not idly does Scripture declare that He came in the fulness of times. Let me say a thing that I hesitate to say in this way, lest there should seem to lurk in it something of irreverence, but yet let me say it: Had he come sooner he would have come too soon; had he come later he would have come too late. He came when the Hebrew nation had prepared in the history of the world the great spiritual atmosphere resulting from the monotheistic doctrine of God. The history of that people is a history of persistent sin against God; oh, the grey-ness of it all. But there is wonderful sunshine in it too. My spirit has been elated in many an hour of study as I have seen the over-ruling of God, the chaos coming to cosmos; God for evermore making the wrath of men to praise Him, and restraining the remainder. However much the Hebrew nation failed, after the captivity they never again set up an idol. Their God was one. When that master spiritual truth was embodied in the world's history, the Christ came. God was building.

Greek and Roman.

Or if we turn to the Greek outlook, and think of the wonderful history of Greek culture and refinement, that history of intellectual giants which made it possible to speak of Athens as the fairest shrine of pagan humanity; if there be no other thing to be said, let this at least be said, the Greek had provided, for that time, a language which was of universal use, in some dialect of which, the story of the Christ could be written, in some dialect of which the messengers of the Cross could preach through all the known world and be understood. God was building. Rome was the center of imperial power, and if you want to know the value of it, read again the Acts of the Apostles and Paul's letters and keep your eye on Paul; mark the restlessness with which he wanted to get to Rome, the eagerness with which he looked towards it, the haste which

made him unable to wait, and compelled him to sit down and write the Roman letter. What was it made Paul want to reach Rome? It was not the restlessness of the tourist. It was the passion of the missionary. He knew that from Rome, the strategic center of the world, there were roads leading out to all the known world along which her legions traveled; and he saw that they ought to be captured for the traveling of the legions of the Cross. All the forces contributed to prepare the way for His coming in the fullness of the times. God was building.

Preparation and Failure.

But there was the preparation not only of what these forces contributed; there was the preparation of their failure. Hebrewism, when He came, was degenerated—the home or ritualism and hypocrisy, and the spiritual ideal was not enough to create spiritual religion. By the failure of the past the way was prepared for His coming. The history of Greek intellectualism had become the history of Greek bestiality. When Paul came to Athens he found Epicurean and Stoic philosophers who knew nothing of Epicurus of the original Stoics, men who had degraded their philosophies. Then He came, when the way was prepared for Him by this failure; and his evangel was presently published by the Hellenist-Hebrew Paul, and redeemed all that was best in Greek strength. Rome had failed; voluptuousness and brutality were the two facts of her government. By that failure the way was made for the building of the new empire, for the coming in of the Kingdom, for the proclamation of the new evangel.

A Work Waiting.

There is a great work waiting to be done among our young people. I want someone to write the history of England as Isaiah reveals the history of Judah. I do not think it would be popular in England, but it needs writing; the history of how God has been at work and is at work still, the history of the fact that amid all the chaos and break-up and disruption God is building; a history of the fact that all through the centuries and today God is at work.

This is a dark day, you tell me. There are disappointing things abroad, heartbreaking things abroad; missionary societies languishing for lack of funds, indifference spreading over the Christian church. Away with you; God is building! That is the highest of vision, and if you deny it me, then I will bow my head and die for very heartbreak. But if you will grant it me, I will build, and fight, and sing, because the city will be built, and God's victory will be won.

Tending Toward the Ultimate City.

There are abundant proofs of the tending of humanity toward the ultimate city of God. Do not be at all alarmed at that statement. Some people are very much alarmed. "Do you not think the world is getting worse?" I am asked. Certainly! "But do you not think it is getting better?" I know it is! I mean that in all seriousness. Wheat and darnel, "Let both grow together until the harvest." Some men are always looking at the darnel and they say the world is getting worse. Some men see only the wheat and they say the world is getting better. The man who sees the whole field of the world, sees the darnel and the wheat, he sees that evil is becoming more evil and growing into clearer manifestation in all its dartingly devilishness, but he sees that the world is being prepared for the coming of the King. I affirm that there are abundant proofs of the tending of humanity toward the city of God.

Spiritual freedom is becoming civic liberty. Divine Fatherhood is whispering the story of human brotherhood.

Not consciously, any more than Greece or Rome of old did consciously prepare for His coming, but surely all the forces are preparing for that advent.

"God's in His heaven," therefore ultimately, finally, "All's right with the world." Failure itself shall prepare the way for the coming triumph. He will again purge His floor and gather the wheat in to garner and burn the chaff. The city will be built, the victory won, God vindicated.

"I looked; aside the dust-cloud rolled—

The Waster seemed the Builder, too;

Upspringing from the ruined old I saw the new.

Take heart! The Waster builds again—

A charmed life old goodness hath;

The tares may perish—but the grain

Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey

His first repulsion from the night;

Wake thou and watch!

The world is gray with morning light!"

The temperance idea is gaining strength even in European countries. A delegate just returned from the first international congress of brewing at Brussels says: "Signs of a powerful temperance movement in Europe were manifested by 600 delegates at the Brussels conference. Denmark has taken the lead. There the government has placed a premium on temperance by letting through beverages with less than 2 1-2 per cent of alcohol, and taxing all with more. The influence of this great temperance movement is easily seen. In the Scandinavian countries moderation in imbibing is noted everywhere, and Germany, which we usually picture as being a nation of heavy drinkers, is pulling for temperance."

THE REALITY OF THE UNSEEN.

BY CHARLES DORSE.

It is difficult to realize the reality of the unseen. Still more is it hard to take delight in it. Abraham is described as "enduring as seeing him who is invisible." But the average man or woman finds that such "seeing" and "enduring" requires an effort of the will.

Many will come to the church to eat when they will not come to pray. The decline of the prayer meeting is generally treated as a modern failing; but Jesus reproached the people of his day who followed him "not because they saw signs but because they did eat of the loaves and were filled."

The perpetual office of religion is to aid us in seeing that unseen things are the only eternal realities. Men of science are teaching the same thing in another way. No one ever saw the law of gravitation; yet gravity has more to do with the stability of houses than all the nails and lumber. No one has been able to detect the principle of life in a human being; yet, without the spark of life, the world's greatest hero becomes a mass of senseless clay.

Successful people are those who are not deceived by appearances. Edison finds the unheard realities of the sound world by disregarding the confusion of noises. Washington turned his back on material advantages to follow the eternal principles of liberty and justice.

God is trying to induce us to attend to unseen realities. The great mass of mankind are misled by appearances. Be not deceived. The flesh means nothing but corruption. The spirit controls life.

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